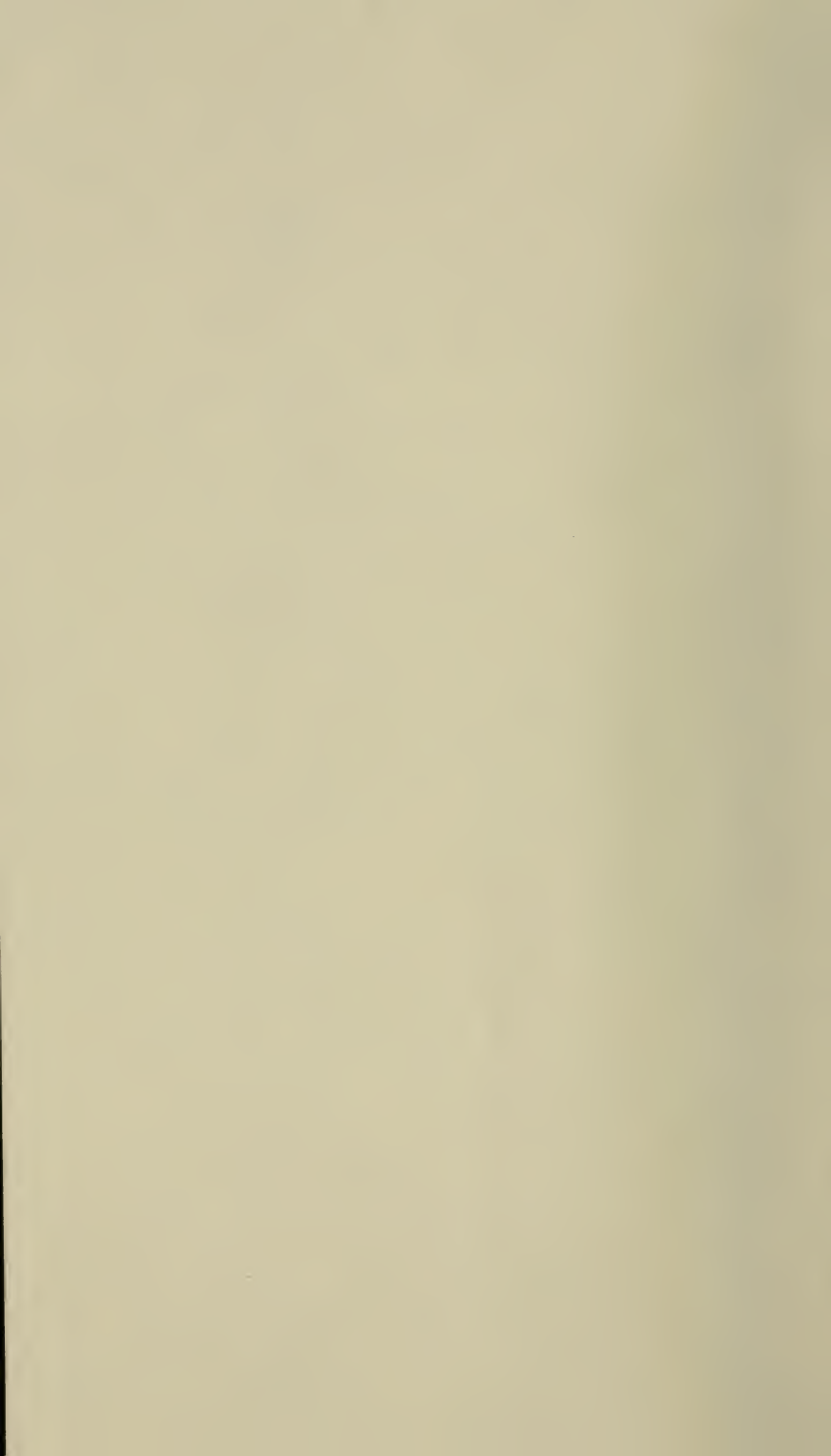


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Truly yours
Emma Harding

SIX LECTURES
ON
THEOLOGY AND NATURE.

- I. ASTRONOMICAL RELIGION.
 - II. RELIGION OF NATURE.
 - III. THE CREATOR AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.
 - IV. SPIRIT—ITS ORIGIN AND DESTINY.
 - V. SIN AND DEATH.
 - VI. HADES, THE LAND OF THE DEAD.
-

TOGETHER WITH THE OUTLINE OF
A PLAN FOR A HUMANE ENTERPRISE,
AND AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

BY EMMA HARDINGE. *Britten*

REPORTED BY R. R. HITT.

1860.

Chicago?



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164

P R E F A C E .

THE following series of Lectures was delivered in the course of three Sundays, during the months of October and November, 1860, at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Ill. They excited a wide and profound interest at the time; and the large audience that greeted Miss Hardinge, on her first appearance—their deep attention and intelligent appreciation, continued unabated throughout the series. The discourses were taken down, as delivered, by R. R. Hitt, Esq., stenographic reporter of the *Chicago Press and Tribune*; and are now published from his short-hand notes, without revision—nothing having been suggested or added by the speaker, except the autobiographical introduction.

TO THE READER.

ERE I can consent to submit the following pages to the criticism of promiscuous minds, I must offer a few remarks on their composition, of an introductory as well as *deprecatory* character. The course of "Six Lectures" herewith presented, was given through my lips, under what I BELIEVE to be the influence of Spirit power, and an intelligence foreign to my own. The law of such communications is sufficiently well understood by the majority of those who will feel an interest in these pages, and I need only add, for the information of the "uninitiated," that whilst the theory of spirit communion claims the possibility of the most exalted ideas inflowing upon the organism of a medium, through the different conditions of vision, trance, impression, psychology, etc., such ideas are invariably shaped in their external expression, first, by the cerebral development, and next, by the vocal organs of the medium. Much of what is here presented, therefore, is original in idea, at least, with an intelligential power beneath whose psychological impress my own mind becomes mere wax. The phraseology and innumerable irregularities of expression must be received as evidence of a conflict between the infinite realms of thought and the finite chain of imperfect human language; the soaring eagle flight of a spiritual idea, fettered by the narrow, half-conscious prison of an organism whose humanity must forbid its participation in conceptions often transcending its own sphere of observation. Measure not the ocean of mind, therefore, from which the thoughts pervading these addresses have come, by the form of the narrow banks of the human channel in which you find them imprisoned.

The subjects of these Lectures (though presented by me to a Chicago audience for the first time) have formed the theme of address in one or two other places before—such subjects being deemed by my guides of more importance as principles, (the enforcement of which should be one main object of my teachings,) than the mere capacity to *make a speech*, no matter what the subject, provided it was "*something new*." For the first two years of my public teaching, I was chiefly exercised

in the phenomenal part of speech-making, generally submitting the subjects to the choice of a committee formed on the spot, or presenting, through spirit direction, addresses extemporized on every conceivable variety of subjects, the texts of which were very frequently found in the events and surroundings of the hour, such as a flower laid on the desk, the falling rain, or, still more commonly, a question proposed by some stranger in the audience. "The day of phenomena is passing away," is the language of one of my Guides, "and if you mediums would become the instructors, rather than the wonder of your audiences, suffer us to enforce and repeat by 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' such principles as will grow into fundamental truths in the people's hearts." At the same time, however hackneyed the subject may be to myself or others, I find that its treatment is singularly varied in adaptation to the different classes of mind and intelligence that surround me. "Truths, laws and principles are for all times, and revelation belongs to eternity. Its expression, however, must be adapted to the time, place and person, or it is valueless." This is another sentence by which my Guides have intimated their DISSENT from the frequent propositions that have been made to me to publish my Lectures. "We *think* for all time—but *speak* for the hour." "The thought will not perish, but the words, gestures, intonation and present surroundings, being specially adapted to the present hour, will serve but as a husk to enclose the living grain, rather than as the daily bread which each hour demands, if it be written or preserved in stereotyped gospels." Why then, it may be asked, do I depart from so wholesome a provision against the infliction of "stereotyped gospels," upon a growing people whose minds cannot fail to overleap the fetters of stationary books? This is my answer: At the close of these Lectures, I was introduced to a gentleman, who, I found, had hired a reporter at his own expense, to transcribe them, and conceiving that they would benefit the world in the same proportion as he had himself profited, he generously determined to bear all the risk and expense of publication, and by presenting them in the most attractive form possible, add to the good which he supposed their perusal might produce, a surplus fund, which he nobly dedicated to the promotion of a great philanthropic undertaking in favor of forlorn, outcast, homeless females. The entire unselfishness of this project, like a warm ray of sunlight, completely melted away the ice of my philosophical scruples. "Let kindness prevail," I cried, "and the sun of human love shine on, though it may put out the eye of

deliberate reason, and overflow the banks of judgment with its genial thaw !” And so, reader, for the sake of that unselfish love of humanity which defies the check-rein of cold prudence to guide it, you have this course of Six Lectures in all their unstudied, uncorrected (for they have not even been seen or revised by me in any way) crudity. If you can extract the kernel of spiritual thought from the rough husk of unpremeditated human speech, they may do you good,—if you fail, the money you bestow upon the unappreciated page will buy one brick in the home for the homeless, the shelter for the houseless, whose miserable lot has been one of the stimulants to this publication.

I have been solicited, by the publisher of this work, to add some account of my own mediumship and connection with the great spiritualistic movement. Two reasons induce me to comply with this request as briefly as may be : the first is, the immense saving of time and breath which I am constantly called upon to bestow, for the satisfaction of inquirers who have never studied the homely proverb of “ mind your own business ;” and the next is, the saving of all manner of eccentric characters which divers persons, highly interested in minding my business, insist upon fastening on me, to the manifest injury of truth, and sometimes to my infinite bewilderment as to whether I am myself, or the apocryphal personage I sometimes hear spoken of as Emma Hardinge.

In brief, then, I was born in London, England, and up to the age of twelve years, was educated in the quiet seclusion of “ sweet home.” The death of a noble father, and the entire disruption of family ties, sent me out into the world at this early period of my life, first as a teacher of music in a school, and subsequently as a concert player and vocalist. I beg, distinctly, once and for all, to claim, that I never went to school in my life as a student ; that the common branches of English education were received only in the family circle of accomplished English ladies, and the life page of good society ; and that in no science but the theory of music, and the all-absorbing page of harmony and composition, did I ever receive any instruction, or pursue any study. From the age of twelve, my public life commenced ; and any one who has become acquainted with the severe studies which musical artistes are called upon to pursue in Europe, (especially when in addition I had to provide a home for myself and my mother by my teaching, etc.,) will scoff at the idea that any leisure could have been afforded me for those metaphysical and scientific studies in which certain of my Amer-

ican friends *confidently affirm* "my youth was absorbed." With the exception of a little dabbling in astrology, pursued under the auspices of merry gipsying parties, I never heard of, much less studied, any "ology" in my life. From six to eight hours' practice of vocal and instrumental music each day, and the gay soirees in which musical artistes form the chief feature in European aristocratic circles,—thus passed my early life, until the complete loss of my singing voice, and chronic difficulties with my throat, compelled me to adopt speaking instead of singing for a profession, and the drama instead of the opera. From this period I remained in one London theatre for seven years, and except on rare occasions, never during that period passed more than a week at a time exempt from the arduous and all-engrossing duties of a London actress' life. To study original parts for a very fashionable and aristocratic theatre—to compose the most recherché costumes—acquire all the accomplishments which entitle a successful London artiste to entrée in the best society,—filled up my time to the fullest measure; and yet, from duties which engrossed my companions too constantly to allow of the study of anything but the "role" of the night, I contrived to steal time to play the organ and piano, and give many compositions to the public. Messrs. Bookworms, who see only in books and a life of incessant study, the origin of my Lectures, this was my life up to the very hour when I set foot on the shores of America, in the year 1855. Be so good, all ye who peruse these pages, to shape your CONFIDENT assertions accordingly. I came to America, purposing to pass six months, which the horrors of the Crimean war, then raging, made very sad and depressing in London, in a temporary engagement in New York. The six months extended to ten, and during that period, for the first time in my life, I heard of Spiritualism.

The idea of communion with "the dead" appeared, in the outset, impossible, then wicked, and nothing but the persuasions of several persons by whom I was surrounded, could have induced me to investigate. Purposing to return to England in a few weeks, however, and not unwilling to carry away with me subjects for sport and ridicule, (an inhospitable practice, too common among foreigners when visiting distant countries,) I determined to witness what I *knew* (as all *know* who really know nothing about Spiritualism,) was "*a grand American humbug.*" Trusting to my shrewdness to detect what I felt *must* be a very shallow imposture, I visited Mr. Conklin, the well-known test

medium of New York. Before I was introduced into the circle then assembled, I heard a sentence spelled out which appeared to me at variance with *Bible writ*. This was enough—after the fashion of some of those who attend our spiritual lectures, and with so little confidence in the truth of their own system, that the moment they hear it attacked, they rise up and fly, lest their truth and their religion should fly first—I fled, scared off, in fear that my “rock of ages,” my Bible, should be insulted, and my own *unswerving faith* be shaken, by sitting in such infidel company. It was many weeks before I could bring myself to understand that *great truths are never in danger*, and that every blow leveled against a rock, must be made with stronger material than the rock, before it can touch it.

In my second attempt, I was taken to Ada Hoyt, the well-known test rapping medium, through whom I first heard the magic raps—on table, wall, floor, my own chair, and in every possible direction, where machinery, imposture, or any contrivance secreted about the medium’s person, were impossible—every question, mental as well as oral, was satisfactorily answered, and nothing but conviction should have followed so convincing a seance, had not unreasoning bigotry and prejudice assured me it was *impossible, because it was*—and, still worse, the obstinate raps persisted in calling me “a medium.” Weeks of patient, earnest investigation followed. In the presence of Mrs. Kellogg, of New York, I became developed as a test medium—by writing, personating, seeing, hearing, and a variety of phases, I was enabled to sit for inquirers, and cheerfully gave my services for more than a year to all who desired them. Still I could not wholly yield up my belief. I found I had always been a medium. Trance, with its unconscious speech, was but another phase of somnambulism, for which, from a child, I had been remarkable. Psychometry accounted for the fact, that, as a dramatist, I never remember to have felt fully studied in any part I had to play, until I had slept on, or at least lain down with my head in close proximity with the page I had to study. A thousand weird peculiarities of my youth now recalled themselves to me in the clear light of spiritual impression—ghosts, presentiments, sounds and voices, impulses, and all the vagaries beneath which I was branded by the title of “a very strange child,” and in later years acquired the name of “Elfie,” signifying a sprite or fairy—all now loomed up in the light of spiritual realities; a life-long preparation for my present position; but as the experiences of every medium are

shaped by their organization, and adapted specially to their individuality, so it would be impossible in this brief notice to give the faintest idea of the worlds of thought, deed, and revelation that have been crowded into my little four years of spiritual experience, nor yet to divine it by the experience of another. Suffice it to say, I pursued my researches and experiments in every available quarter, high or low—in circles in cellars and garrets, saloons and woods—never shrinking from the evil, so long as I felt sure of my own integrity, nor injured by the false, so long as I was true myself. I have convinced myself thoroughly of the truth of psychology and magnetism, by repeatedly becoming the subject of the influence, nor are there many phases of mediumship, except physical force manifestations, which I have not practically experienced, and carefully investigated. For many months I devoted myself to this absorbing search—to sitting for the public, and being the instrument of Spirits in various ways, without the least idea of ever being a “public trance speaker”—always on the eve of returning to England, and always fettered down by my unseen psychologists to their work. I at last began to wake to the consciousness that my mother and myself must live on material as well as spiritual bread—that my Spirit Guides had forbidden the stage to me—that my pupils in music shrank away from the weird reputation of a medium—that my contributions to spiritual papers transmuted the gold from my pocket to mere laurels for my head, and that all the time, health and effort I was bestowing on the world as a medium, was merely laying up treasures for to-morrow, without doing the smallest thing towards supplying the wants of to-day.

Then came the word of power—“Emma, you must go out and speak to the world.”

I had borne all sorts of deceptions from the Spirits, and found them *the best of lessons*; practical tests, both of their strict humanity, and the necessity of *trying them* according to scripture formula. I had proved that all the chaff of Spiritualism contained living kernels of life; that all the trials, sufferings and apparent evils in which I was often tried in very purgatorial fires, were good for me, abundant in use and teaching, and that no dark spirit ever stood on my left hand, unaccompanied by a radiant angel in white, on my right. In a word, in an experience as sharp and bitter as has ever fallen to the lot of a Spirit Medium of these modern days, I would not then, any more than I would now, part with one single trial, nor can I feel that aught but

Divine wisdom and Omniscient power was dealing with me through every variety of spiritual intelligence ; but *this last charge*, to wit, that I, a woman, and, moreover, "*a lady by birth*," and *English*, above all, that *I* would go out, like "strong minded women," and hector the world, on public platforms ! oh, shocking ! I vowed rebellion—to give up Spirits, Spiritualism, and America ; return to England, and live "a feminine existence" once again. With these magnanimous resolves strong upon me *one week*, the *next* saw me on a public platform, fairly before the world as a Trance speaker.

The details of my struggle, and its conquest, are too long for insertion here ; the whole may be summed up in one sentence ; I am a good psychological subject, and the Spirits are good psychologists. They, it seems, wanted me, had ground me in the mill of suffering, expressly to fit me for this work ; "and what frail bark can stem its way against the ocean's tide ?" In my first debut as a Spiritual Lecturer, I spoke after a manner, which, with modifications growing out of atmospheric, physical, and psychical conditions, continues up to the present time. For sometime before the commencement of the lecture, but chiefly after taking my seat on the platform, I feel the pressure of a dreamy magnetic influence, at times deepening into complete abstraction from the surrounding scene. I cannot always tell the exact commencement of the lecture. The audience, the scene, and my own words appear present, as "*in a dream within a dream*." The effect of human psychology upon me is very painful. There is an absolute compulsion to perform a certain part, whilst I retain sufficient consciousness to appreciate and hopelessly to struggle against the control exercised. In these spiritual lectures I can equally clearly recognize the presence of psychological control. The unprompted flow of words are not my own. Every gesture and movement appears to me, at times, *compelled*, and yet the compulsion is accompanied by a dreamy indifference on my part, a perfect absence of care, and sense of safety and protection from my precious invisible masters, that renders my servitude an exceedingly happy one. I can *feel* rather than *see* the audience ; and their degree of intelligence, but especially the presence of antagonism, is painfully distinct. Sometimes a strongly marked individual character in the audience becomes prominent to me, occasionally and markedly influencing the lecture, sometimes presenting singular points of character, the contemplation of which will absorb my attention whilst the lecture proceeds. The details of my addresses I can only realize very

imperfectly at the time, my own state being too dreamy for acute perception. Hours of subsequent quiet communion with the Spirit world are essential to the realization of personal benefit from the teachings given.

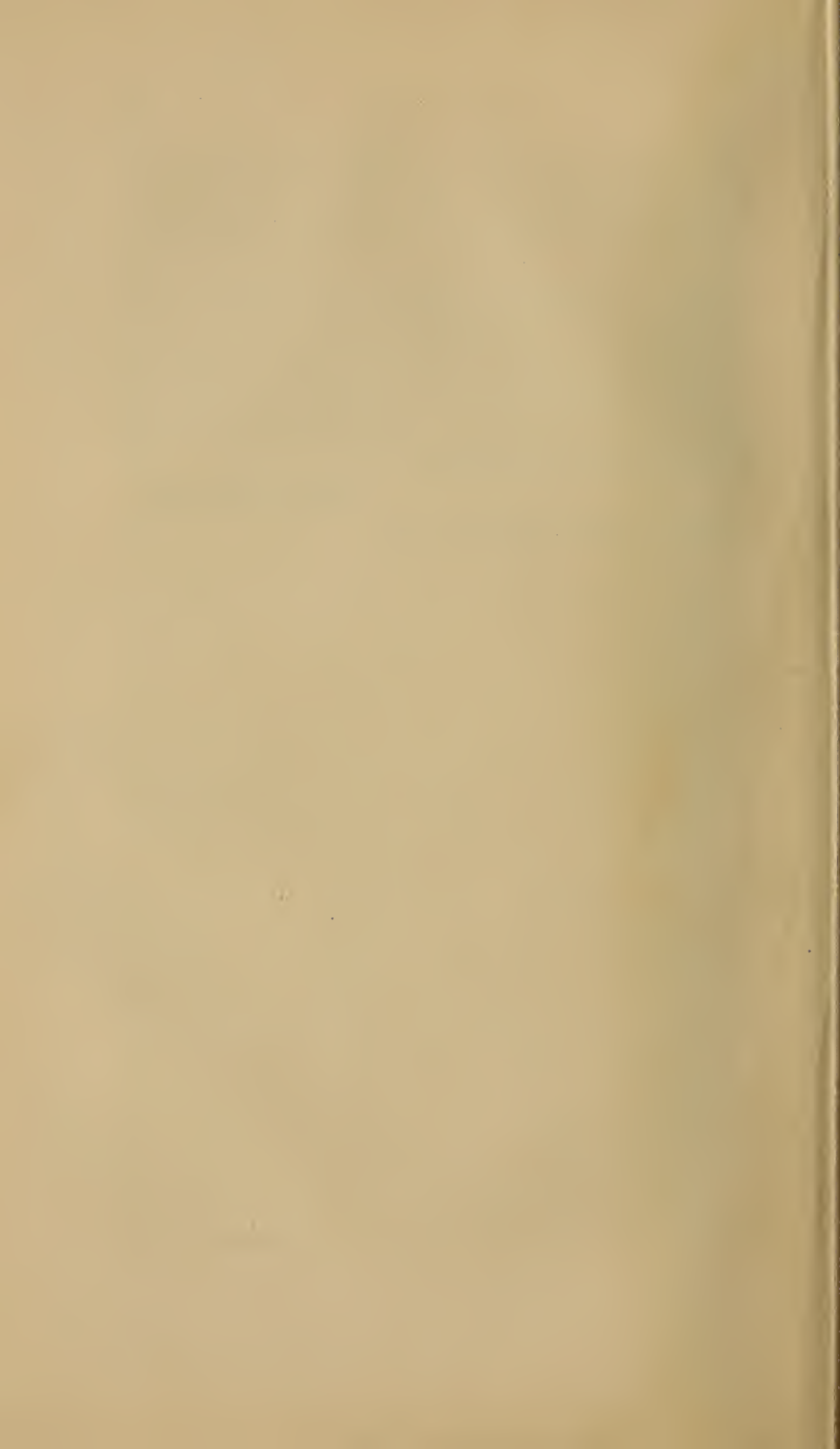
* For the names of those beneath whose ministry I am happy in the belief of acting, although frequently questioned, I feel no prompting to state them. I have good reason for *my* belief in their identity, but those reasons are only influential with myself and a few others. To the world I can offer no direct testimony on this point, and am instructed to present whatever truths my lips can utter, for the truth's sake alone. "A great name cannot sanctify an error, nor add to the lustre of a truth," say my Guides; "be it the mission of wise Spirits to substitute for the authority of a name, the omniscience of truth only." Besides the kind and powerful band who seem to throng around me in my public mission, I am constantly surrounded by a few Spirit friends, one of whom, after the fashion of the reputed "familiar," appears a duplicate of my very self, conversing with me with all the facility of human speech, at all times, places and situations, advising and warning me of the future, peering into the unveiled natures of almost every one who approaches me, cheering me in that which to the world would be loneliness, but which is to me the most precious companionship, and by a thousand little tests separating his intelligence from my own, and ten thousand little acts of care, foresight and tenderness, justifying my grateful cry, "Oh, Spirit, thy love puts this cold world to shame."

Thus far, then, I have brought up my notice (if I may so phrase it,) of my public career to the present hour. The details would comprehend a very large volume, for "we live in heart throbs, not in figures on the dial." In the four years of my spiritual experience, therefore, I have lived a very long life; traveled through most of the States of this vast America, often going many thousand miles in a few months. In all my journeyings, East, West, North, and South, I have always gone by the direction of the Spirits, and though my engagements are generally made twelve months in advance, I never, save once, (and that in verification of a prediction,) have broken any; never encountered loss, accident, or insult; enjoyed health and strength unprecedented in my former life; and with the exception of one generous, unselfish human friend, and that a rival lecturer to boot,—Mrs. E. J. French, of New York,—I started on my public career without a human hand to aid, or a human brain to counsel me.

The predictions of my true-hearted friend, Mrs. French, and the assurance of the Spirits, that "without editor to puff, or friend to recommend ; without a place to go to ; a stranger, and utterly unknowing and unknown in the country, I should visit every State, find a home in every city, success everywhere, and all through the power of the Spirits,"—all this and more, much more than I could have dared to ask or hope for, has been showered upon me. Truly I may say, though country, home and kindred are left behind, and though fortune and fame have never yet entered into my calculations, or influenced a single step I have ever taken in Spiritualism, yet in disregarding these, I have sold all in exchange for the pearl of price that is worth more to me than all the world beside.

EMMA HARDINGE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *November*, 1860.



LECTURE FIRST.

ASTRONOMICAL RELIGION.

Delivered at Kingsbury Hall, Sunday Morning, Oct. 21, 1860.

[Miss HARDINGE appeared on the platform, and commenced speaking to a crowded house, at fifteen minutes before eleven o'clock. She spoke as follows:]

“And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.”

THIS is essentially a thinking age—the age of thought throughout the universe. The various changes that are everywhere pervading the race, are at the instigation of thought,—that thought which demands liberty. The aim of the people is for liberty. In every corner of the known earth, at this day, at this very hour, the cry is for liberty. The blow that is struck, and the plot that is hatched, are for liberty—liberty for the body, liberty for the soul. It is not alone the masses—no more the masses, but now the individuals, are craving their rights, are struggling for liberty. The cry has gone forth, for that thought stimulates every brain and every heart to be free. Hence, from before every pulpit, around the desk of every writer, the cry comes forth for liberty for the soul.

Therefore it is that we propose this day to consider who and what is the antagonist against which the fighting soul is bringing her forces in the attempts for liberty. Wherever we find a chain bound to the human soul, that chain is drawn and forged by the hand of mystery. Wherever the will of Heaven, the knowledge of the Creator and the knowledge of human destiny are darkened from human souls, it is by

8

the power of mystery. Nothing but mystery stands between the Creator and the creature; nothing but mystery enclouds the knowledge of human destiny. There are some of ye, too, who may claim that the present is enough—that to live by virtue, to act out your pious part is sufficient for this hour—that whatever may be your destiny in the future, there is a system of religion which will provide for it.

These dogmas, these forms, these institutions termed religions, have been established from the beginning of the world. Men, wise and instructed in the various systems of religion, have been appointed to preside over and take charge of these things. The present is enough for ye. If your priests could die for ye, if your religious teachers could live for ye in the hereafter, religious systems would be enough for ye.

But there is a revolution which in this nineteenth century has passed over the earth like a flood; this revolution is termed modern Spiritualism. By the disclosures it makes, you are informed, out of the lips you have known, loved, trusted, recognized, and now understand to be the dearest and nearest to your own human souls. By this means, you comprehend that your life does not ever begin here; that you are in but a rudimental state; that here the seed is only sown in the darkness of the ground; that you are not absolutely born until the great change called death has liberated your life, and given your spirit the first moment of its real existence; that there commences your being; that whatever you have thought, done, said, or acted during the seven days of the week constitutes the heaven or the hell, the real tangible locality in which you commence your spirit life.

If this be true, stand ye this day the arbiter between your religions and modern Spiritualism, and judge which ye shall take. It is for the purpose of endeavoring to build a great present church of reality that spirits come; it is for the purpose of bringing you a living, tangible religion; of rending the vail of mystery, and at least giving you a chance that you shall not take your leap in the dark—that you shall not go, you know not whither—that you shall not ruin the spirit that

God has planted in the world of matter, that spirits are now in your midst. For ten years they have presented to you proofs of the living reality of the spirit land.

The antagonist power to these views have been the systems of mystery, known as religion. Wherever the father whom you trusted, the mother whom you loved, the friend, the statesman, the philanthropist, the mighty and the wise of all past ages, speak to you of an existence antagonistic to your present system of teaching, up rises the tremendous Babylon of Mystery, darkening out the real tangible life of God's own facts, and presenting to you the solemn mysteries, veiled behind which your soul must be shrouded, and against which your life may be wrecked. Spirits at least find, that to build the great church of the future, to uprear the house and admit the sunlight into that mansion through whose glorious illuminated windows every human soul may read its destiny, the great Babylon of mystery must be opened up unto ye. Ye shall know that which ye assert. Oh, Israel! ye shall comprehend the gods before whom ye bow down and worship.

It is the purpose of the power, whatever it be, that is now permitted to address you through these lips, to offer some fragment of spiritual knowledge, which it is the mission of immortals to bring. Ere we do so, we invite you this morning to take the initiatory step, and contemplate the great veil of mystery, and see whence it came; then shall ye choose before what God ye will bow down. We make this prologue ere we open up the great drama of religious priestcraft, because we desire that none should fear that truth is in danger, or that they may hear words that will fall harshly upon their hearts, for the truth is safe. Bless the lips that dig up the mystery which surrounds it, and bring it to the light, for truth can bear the light. Therefore we ask, with him of old, "What is the truth?" It is with a view of placing truth upon a rock—of disclosing the great foundations which the Almighty Architect has laid, to write thereon the text of

his gospel, that we design, this day, to open up this veil of mystery before you.

What are religious systems? Whence do they come? We invite ye to go back to the first hours, when man stereotyped his opinions from the records on high; and thus shall we find the origin of all present systems. Geology, astronomy, physiology and natural history, are all exact sciences, as far as ye have gone in their investigation. They are founded upon demonstrable facts. By these ye learn that the world is very old; that not thousands, but millions of years have swept over the ages since first the foundations of this planet were laid. All the remains of man's history, point to the East as the cradle of civilization—point to the East as the land where systems of religion first prevailed. We dig back amongst the monumental remains; we examine the hieroglyphics which no time can sweep away; we pore over the Sacred Books of other languages; we stand upon the very threshold of time itself, and there we find that the very first, the earliest systems that ever prevailed upon earth, were the worship of the powers of nature. We find that the ancients had but two sciences—the knowledge of agriculture and of astronomy. The knowledge of agriculture was the result of the necessities of the body. Man must live. The earth, the tree, the plant, the fruit—these were his means of subsistence. To cultivate these he must observe times and seasons. The ancients soon began to perceive that the wondrous majestic sun was the source of that light and heat and warmth which produces fertility. They also observed that there came a period of time when this magnificent king-god, this great power of warmth and heat and plenty, almost disappeared, when his beams grew cold and feeble, when darkness settled over the face of the earth, when gloom, and wind, and storm, and tempest prevailed. Then they perceived that there was another renovation of the power of the great sun-god; and by observing these alternate periods, they first began to fashion their time into what we have since termed years. They divided up this year into four seasons. They then observed that the sun,

during a certain period, was radiant and mighty, then he disappeared. They called this night and day. They next observed that there were secondary orbits and secondary luminaries—the gracious stars, the fiery scriptures of the skies, on which you read the immensity of your God's works. Certain groups of these fiery worlds, they observed, ever appeared in certain shapes at different periods of the year. They called these constellations. They remarked that the sun constantly passed through these groups of stars at different and regularly recurring periods. They conceived therefore, that these stars must partake of the same influences which the sun itself exerted. They soon began to divide their year into winter and summer. They called the period when the sun passed through the constellations of summer, the hour of good; they called that of winter, the hour of evil.

They also perceived that man was weak; that the forces of nature were strong; that the mighty winds, and boiling tempests, and raging floods, and the billowy ocean, were strong; the powerful sun, and the radiant day—all these they perceived were beyond their control. They found themselves possessed of a life they had not created, surrounded by powers they could not control, and enveloped in a wondrous veil of mystery. They soon perceived that there was order, design and calculation, power, beneficence and principle everywhere; or what ye now term laws. They observed that nothing but mind could frame laws—nothing but that triumphant and unseen power within them, which they called soul, could create, could alter, destroy or reproduce; and they said, "Somewhere there is a mighty soul; somewhere there is a great mind that has created all these things, that rules, sustains and preserves us. May not this power dwell in the great fiery luminary that we call the cause of good? and may not these beautiful worlds that shine night after night above us, that influence our tides and our vegetation, and that group around the great master mind, God—may not these be the habitation of those spirits whose power we feel

though we cannot see them? May not light and heat and vegetation dwell there? May not the great gods that have ruled and governed and fashioned this wonderful earth, be resident in those powerful planets?" And so they termed the stars of summer the signs of the good spirits. The stars of winter, they named the evil ones. They called the summer constellations by glorious names, and the winter constellations by those names that expressed aversion and dread.

Some of these constellations we shall now refer to. They divided them into twelve signs or divisions; you now preserve these twelve signs, and call them your Zodiac. These signs of the year the ancients called by a sacred name. They set apart certain men from their midst—men of religion, men of philosophy, and of science. They called these men overseers. They built them high towers, and required them to govern and keep watch upon the luminaries of the sky, and give them notice when to reap and when to sow, when the tides of the Nile and the Ganges would rise; in a word, these men were entrusted with a knowledge of all the sciences which the simple ancients in their first ignorant condition could conceive. At first, these men were faithful to their trusts. They reported the times and seasons. They were called by a name, which in later times, amongst Greeks, has been converted into Episcopacy or Episcopalianism, signifying overseers. At first, we say, they were faithful to their trusts. They named the constellation of spring, The Plow, because that was the season to plow the earth. They named another glorious constellation The Lamb, because that was the period when these young and innocent beings gave token of a fruitful summer. They named another The Lion, because it was the period of the raging heat of the royal sun. They named the constellation of autumn—the great and mighty constellation that threatened the approach of dark and terrible winter, The Great Dragon; they called him The Serpent, first, from their hatred of that poisonous creature, and next, because the concentric rings of this mighty constellation represented the serpent. As the sun passed through these

various constellations, the ancients held their great feasts. In the spring time they said, "The glorious sun is now in the sign of the Lamb;" we will adore the Lamb. In the summer they rejoiced and called it the royal period of good; and now you freemasons have instituted a Royal St. John's, or midsummer day. Later in the year, they beheld the sun pass through the dreadful sign of the destroyer, and they cried, "Our God is now conflicting with the evil angels. There is war in heaven. Woe! woe! for the world. The destroyer is at hand." During the gloomy period of winter, they named the constellations by many dreadful titles. At last came the period when the sun passed through a constellation resembling, as the ancients pictorially and typically expressed it, a woman standing alone in the heavens. This was about the twenty-fifth day of December. They said, "Our Sun-God is now passing through the sign of the Virgin. Our sun is born again. Glory to the Highest! Rejoice, ye nations, our sun has passed through the sign of the Virgin, and is born again." Thus, you cannot mention a single religion on earth that has not held this period as the most sacred of the whole year, from that time. The sign of the Lamb, and the various others which we have mentioned, began to typify the passage of the sun through these various constellations.

This was the first system of religion upon this continent, whose mounds in the land of Mexico, are strange, fantastic signs, and mysterious relics of an old and almost forgotten system; in Arabia, in the island kingdoms of the East, in the Druidical remains that survive in Lapland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—in all parts of the known earth, are the vestiges of this astronomical religion. It was the first religion; it was the only religion that prevailed when the world was young. In later times, it has been termed "Sabaism," or the worship of the Sabeans, or fire-worship. You take exception to the word "fire-worship." The ancients never worshiped sun, or moon, or stars. That is left for modern nations. That is left for the idolatrous nineteenth century. That is left for those who build tall steeples, in imitation of

the pointed flames of the ancients. In those days of innocence and ignorance, the ancients simply knew that there was a power outside of themselves, which they termed by a word which ye translate into God. They simply knew that there was a power that caused plenty, and one that caused famine. They likened these to good and evil among themselves; and hence they expressed the alternations of good and evil by the passage of the sun through these constellations.

As the world grew older, priests grew many. The overseers that were set upon the towers, or what has been called, in later times, the walls of ancient science, grew very strong and powerful. By means of their sciences, they were enabled to calculate eclipses, to predict tempests and changes of the weather. They also possessed the power of healing. On all the ancient monuments ye perceive evidences that they were magnetizers. The diseases were attributed to demons, who were supposed to possess persons. These awful powers were supposed to be left loose to torment and torture humanity, and these priests were believed to be invested with the power to dispossess or drive out these demons. They very soon, therefore, began to appear to the eyes of the people in some supernatural and tremendous point of view. They could read the stars, and commune with spirits. They knew the designs of the great and awful Creator; they possessed his awful secrets; they were enabled to perform signs and wonders. Thus, the people, in order to propitiate them, brought them large presents and enormous sacrifices. When storm, and tempest, and famine came, these men told them their God was angry, and urged them to part with their wealth. They did part with it; and the tenth part of everything was reserved for the priests. But at last the priests began to find that they were growing up into a strong and mighty body—that the rule of the earth was committed to their charge. They were no more than the servants of the people at first, but they became their rulers, and they said, “Lest the people should become as wise as ourselves, lest they should be like us, and eat of the tree of life, we will

drive them out of the garden of Eden ; we will keep them in ignorance ; we will make them tillers of the ground." So they invented the magnificent system of mystery.

Ye find also, that when first men stereotyped their thoughts in enduring form, as a record for after ages, it was done by symbols. The ancients had no hieroglyphic writing. That was a modern invention, compared with the ancient system of symbol writing. All the old monuments bear witness to this. Every day, the sciences and investigations of men are disentombing and bringing to light the fingers with which man first wrote, and the means by which man first preserved the record of his own history. In the midst of all these remains you find that there was a system of symbol writing, some of which we shall now present to you.

The ancients represented innocence, in their typical language, as a garden, or rather, they called it the garden of innocence. The garden was the first state of earth ; the garden was the condition of innocent ignorance, in which the people were anxious for the knowledge of good and evil. The tree, with its fruit, was ever the symbol of knowledge ; the serpent, as we have stated, was ever the symbol of temptation and sin. Woman, with her quick intuition and eager spirit of inquiry, was always represented as the tempter.

The nations began to inquire, " Why are we sorrowful ? and why are we unhappy ? alas ! " they said, " it is the temptation of the dark and fatal spirits of winter. Why are these antagonistic ? " They could not admit that their God was not all-powerful. Therefore, they must represent that a secondary principle was the author of evil. They said their God was good ; their mighty Sun-God was all goodness. Nevertheless there was an antagonistic principle. They said there was a tempter. They said, " the angels fell from their first estate ; they were once like our Sun-God, good, and our God ever conflicts with them, and eventually will overcome them by the power of summer. They said there was the same conflict in the human mind, between the powers of good and evil. Hence, they represented this by what, in modern times,

ye term the "fall of man." This was nothing more than a fable, which the ancients desired to render typical of the conflict between good and evil in man. They said, "when man ceased to be ignorant, and therefore innocent—when he ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—when he could discriminate between good and evil, then did he become responsible for sin." You will find that the story of the Garden of Eden, the tale of Paradise, and the expulsion of its first inhabitants, instead of being first written by Moses, was written some four thousand years before Moses lived. Monuments that are now standing, great stones, piled in mighty and enduring grandeur, solemn temples, bear a record which time cannot efface, which all your theology cannot demolish. They uprear their great black fingers and point to this enormous, indestructible fact. The garden of Eden, with all its symbolical significance, was not the revelation of the Lord to Moses, but the simple idea of the ancients, signifying the origin of man, who has come up from a state of ignorance to a state of knowledge, and consequently to the temptation, which the knowledge of good and evil offered to him.

And this was the origin of one idea—that of the knowledge and the conflict of good and evil. You behold it night after night, when you gaze upon God's eternal scriptures, written with his own fingers of light, and stereotyped in characters as immutable as the changeless One himself. There is not a form of religion, not a system, call we it Christianity, or by any other name, but what was born of the astronomical systems of the ancients.

Permit us to trace them a little farther. We find that the superb dynasties of India and Egypt enlarged upon the astronomical systems of the ancients. They, too, had their powers of good and evil. They had precisely the same priests—precisely the same fasts. We trace, then, a little later down in the histories and mysteries of the Egyptian and other nations.

The Brahmians were a powerful order of priests, who ever kept the people in ignorance and subjection. All their forms and ceremonies were solemn mysteries. The people stood

without the veil, and were unable, or rather, were not permitted to comprehend the simplest thing, unless through the interpretation of the priests. "Our God is a mystery," they said, "you must not inquire into the mysteries that belong to him." Later down we find that the Egyptians instituted the most solemn of mysteries. Permit us to give you evidence of some of these far-famed mysteries. And remember, for whatever we present to you, we offer no spiritual authority; no "Thus saith the Lord" addresses you this day. We come before the books of the universe. We may drink from the fountains of all knowledge. Do you understand their import and their truth? The books are open for you to drink of them. In any case, we stand ready to prove the truth of any statement made this day.

We find that one of the most solemn mysteries of the Egyptians, was that of Osiris, the Sun-God of every other nation. They said this was the principle of good. They also claimed that there was a destroying power called Typhon. With him Osiris constantly conflicted. Osiris was not the great Creator, but simply the son of God, or the Incarnation, —for, be it remembered, every nation had its incarnate gods. The Indians had theirs; the Persians had theirs; the Egyptians had theirs; the Greeks and Romans theirs; and, unfortunately for some systems, these incarnations lived to write their history and stereotype their Scriptures, ages before the Jews ever lived as a nation. They are represented in the tale of the Hindoo Vishnu and his nine avatars. They are found in the story of Osiris. They said, when the earth was full of famine and pestilence, when storm and desolation were rife, the beneficent Jupiter sent his mighty son, the Great Osiris, down to earth. He was the last and best of all the incarnations that ever appeared. He ran his race among men; gave them glorious laws, wise and beneficent institutions; bade them beware of priests and their systems; talked as never man talked before. But at last he was conquered by the power of Typhon, the Destroyer. Then the earth was in mourning. Then, for three long days, Isis, the mother

mourned her Sun-God lost. At last she found him on the twenty-fifth day of December. He appeared once more in the heavens, in all the solemn glory of resurrected life. This was the great mystery of Isis and Osiris. In celebrating these mysteries, the priests required immense wealth. The people must bring of all their treasures; a share of all their splendor and wealth must be laid at the feet of the priests, and woe betide those who denied to these mediators between the Creator and the creature, of their wealth and substance. That the people might not be acquainted with these things, which were nothing more nor less than types of the passage of the sun or soul through the various conflicting periods of good and evil, the priests invented these mysteries. They taught to adore the stars, and fire, and trees, and the powers of nature; but they kept to themselves the fact that the powers of nature were subordinate to one mighty God. They formed these mysteries, therefore, for their own especial benefit. One of the most solemn of their sacraments was that of sacrifice. They taught them that every sin must have its penalty. They were the first observers of nature. They founded their religion in nature, although they taught all the people to depart from it. They observed that everything in nature produced its unalterable conflict. They said, "Oh people, you are sinners; you must pay a penalty, and if you pay the penalty to the priests, you may escape it yourselves." By sacrifice, they meant that the penalty should be paid in something else than suffering. Hitherto, the people had thought that if they did wrong, the consequent suffering must fall upon themselves; but the priests, by an ingenious system of sacrifices, offered the people immunity for sins. We tell you no fiction. You will not find a single religion on the earth but what claims that sacrifices are a means of atonement for sins; not one in which sacrifices are not the means by which the power and splendor of the priests and their government over the people are chiefly sustained.

Another great sacrament was the last and most famous mystery of Isis and Osiris, since adopted by the Greeks and

the Romans, called the Eleusinian Mysteries. This was the dark and awful worship paid to the powers of nature. They claimed that the earth was represented by Ceres. They claimed that the sacrifice of the Sun-God must be given in winter, that the people might have the glorious light of the resurrected god of summer. They must bring wine, which they said was born of the glorious, beneficent sun-light. They called this the power of the risen god of day, and they drank the wine in honor of his memory. This was the last of the famous mysteries of Osiris. They said, "Those who partake of this sacrament are made whole, as our Sun-God, our Osiris, our Dionysius, has died for you. As the great sacrifice is paid, drink of this and you are free from sin." Friends, we desire to make no modern application; we only tell you of the solemn customs and systems of the ancients.

The next nations that arose in order, were the Greeks and Romans, and the last, the Jews. With the institution of Judaism, we find that Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and their systems of priestcraft—Moses, the wise, the inspired, the noble, the beneficent law-giver of Israel, desired to liberate the people; he sought to emancipate them from the tremendous systems of mystery in which they had hitherto been bound down. He cried out to the people, and he said to others, "Run and prophesy!" Would God that all God's people were priests. His noble aim was to make every man his own priest. He sought to break down the veil of mystery, and once more restore the knowledge of God through nature. He strove to unlock and disentangle all the various systems which priests had dragged around the people. Unhappily, priestcraft was too remunerative, too lucrative for even Moses to destroy it. The sons and daughters of Aaron and Moses, and the various Levites who followed in his track, were not disposed to relinquish the powers which, for untold ages, the priests of the earth had exercised over men. But we would have ye remark one point in Jewish history: the priests stand on one side, and the prophets on the other. Not from the lips of the sublime Isaiah, not from

Jeremiah, not from Joel, nor Micah, nor any of the prophets, do you find mystery. The worship of the one true God ; the knowledge of good and evil ; the teaching that, if you eat the sour grapes, your own teeth shall be set on edge—this you find in the first chapter of Isaiah—that He asks no burnt offerings ; that your new moons and your Sabbaths are an abomination unto me ; He asks that your hands may be washed white, pure and undefiled ; He asks only for the broken heart and the contrite spirit ; the spirit shall be before the flesh ; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and upon your servants and handmaids—upon the basest and lowest of the lost nations of earth, the spirit of the one living God shall be poured out pure and undefiled.

There stand in mighty array these solemn old prophets, with sublime utterance, calling on the people to offer up no more impure physical substances, no more vain oblations—spelling out the future and proclaiming it to the people, and calling for justice to Babylon, the mother of harlots and abominations in the world ; there they stand, the prophets in long array on the one side, and the white-robed priests on the other side ; the priests darkening the minds of the people with their fasts and sacrifices, their phylacteries and their long prayers and loud amens, their greeting in the market-place, their synagogues, their times and their seasons, their new moons and their Sabbaths. Can you reconcile the simple and sublime teaching of these ancient prophets, with their unshod feet, and wild hair streaming in the winds, their coarse garments, and their fearless voices, making a temple of every hill-top and every wall, of every highway and byway, with the solemn pomp of the priest who, in stately ceremony, waits upon the Lord, in temples made with hands, and who claims that a sacred mystery enwraps his dogmas and runs down in the anointed oil which was poured upon bodies of wood and stone.

Another great assistance to priestcraft and mystery was found in their manner of teaching the words of the poor and simple One of Nazareth. No mysteries were in his teachings ; but one law and one commandment ; how then dare ye

make Thirty-Nine Articles out of it? But one system and practice. How dare ye make three thousand and more sects of Christianity? But one great church — the church of the Universe. How dare ye claim that salvation belongs to your temple, which ye framed with human hands, and is not to be found outside of it? But one God, and he your God and Father. Oh human fathers! listen to the cry of that little babe, [alluding to the cry of a child in the audience,] listen to that little child's tongue; that sound which now breaks upon your ears is the song of Paradise to some mother's heart. There is not, in the long array of all past ages, any sound that falls upon the ear of the mother of that lisping child so precious, so sweet, as that little prattling tongue. Ask her whether she could see that simple child — that little waxen, tender form, that now clings to her with such love, cast into broiling flames and leaping fire, whilst she herself reposed in the glory of a power and splendor even divine; ask her what sacrifice she would not make to shelter that precious child from suffering; ask her what moment of day or night she grudges wearisome toil and patient waiting upon that little being; ask her if she would not go hungry and cold, houseless and wandering, that that child might be cared for. And if such is the love of the human mother, do you pretend to say you are better than your God? Aye, do you not in your own hearts quail as you would take vengeance upon an enemy when you have him helpless at your feet? Because your human heart will not allow you to take vengeance on him, do you not let the sinner go free, and cry, "vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"? That which you are ashamed or afraid to do, you believe your God — your heavenly Father — will do! You are better than your religion; you are not better than your God. Go back and repeat the aim and teachings of Him whom you call the founder of your religion. He taught noble truths; He taught a religion of love — "love one another." Contemplate no religion, no worship, but that worship which the child offers when he cries "Our Father who art in heaven." In those words was a mighty blow given to priest-

craft; that is the great lesson of the Divine Teacher; that is the Bible; that is the Gospel realized; that is the church—the great church of humanity; that is the altar of the pure and undefiled human heart.

Again, we find that when Christ and Moses, Osiris and Buddha, and Zoroaster, and all the other teachers of ancient times, came and broke the chains of priestcraft, the priests at once began to forge them stronger. After the days of Jesus of Nazareth, within three hundred and twenty-five years from the time he suffered on the dreadful cross, to prove to man the solemn fact that there was but one God, one Father, one commandment, more than three hundred priests gathered together to settle what men should believe and what they should say in order to be saved; and then came forth their Thirty-Nine Articles; then came forth their creeds and systems; until, at this day of the Lord, in the nineteenth century, there have been more than three thousand two hundred and twenty-nine sects of Christianity, all claiming, not to interpret the one law and the one commandment of what we shall do, but all claiming to give new laws and new commandments of what we shall say—not one of which Jesus of Nazareth ever taught, or commanded to be taught.

Oh Mystery! thou art indeed the mother of the abominations of the earth. So it comes to pass, at this day, that when man oppresses his fellow man, when the strong hand holds the feeble in captivity, and the world asks of him the reason, he says he is strong, and the Lord has made him so, and his victim is weak, and the Lord has made him so. When you ask if the Father of the race is a partial God, they reply to you, "It is a great mystery, and you must not inquire into things that belong to God." And so it comes to pass, that when a bad man closes a bad life, and says a few solemn words, and confesses bad mathematics—that three are one, and one is three—lo! the man goes straight to heaven. And when the poor, toiling sons of earth cannot believe in bad mathematics, and ask why these things are, the priests solemnly tell them, "It is a mystery; it is of the unseen things that belong to God."

And when brave and noble-minded men, determining that the people shall know for themselves, endeavor to invent a system by which these words, and any words, the knowledge, religion, science, and learning of all ages, can become the property of all men—when they put God's wood, and stone, and iron, and brass together, and by virtue of God's thoughts invented the printing press, these champions of crime and mystery cry out, "It is the work of the Evil One." And when men ask, "Can the Evil One bring forth the fruits of light and knowledge?" the priests reply, "These things are a mystery." So with every invention; so with every step science has taken. With all the efforts of man, inspired by his Maker to spell out the Scriptures of his works, uprise the priests of mystery and say, "Let there be light, says God; let there be no light, says man."

Oh mystery! can there be truth and mystery together? Is it a possibility that God's works, if he be our Father, shall be a mystery to us, his children? Men and spirits, mortals and immortals, alike are claimed to be his work—to partake of his nature. All are from him, and share in the attributes of his nature; and yet ye claim that a Father draws the veil of mystery between himself and his children! Sects and creeds, dogmas and systems, whence do you come? From the astronomical religion of the ancients. Sacrifices came with a necessity of worldly men to draw wealth from the people. Long fasts, solemn, pompous garments, wide surplices, invented by Isis to designate her priests; bells and candles, and every external form that remains to typify that God who cannot be symbolized—that God who is outside of and above all form—that Almighty, Everlasting Presence that pervades all things, and cannot be limited down to one particle; all these things are but Paganism—the fruit of the abominations of Babylon the Great.

It is our privilege, as our parting words, to re-echo the cry of the ancient of days: "Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen." He who cried "Let there be light," and there was light, speaks to-day, as he spoke millions of ages in the past,

and will, according to the capacity of the eye of humanity to receive the light, ever speak to the people. A great light has dawned on the gross darkness of this age. That light is rising. Is it necessary to be a fool, to believe in a religion? Is it necessary to be wholly ignorant—to darken and exclude all science—to throw out the demonstrations of God's works, before you can receive the testimony of what man calls the Word? And yet ye must be this if God's works and God's Word stand in antagonism. There they are—the mighty sun, the seasons, the tempests, the great storms of the ocean, and on the broad bosom of the lakes; there they are—the noble forest cathedrals, the splendid monumental ruins, the wildly beautiful fires of the skies; there they are, night after night, those hosts of shining worlds, like the troops of God's great army, the fiery squadrons of his troops, marching up to their places in heaven's wide field, unalterable, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Oh, go to these; search these scriptures of the universe, written before these scriptures in your hand were written. That book was not written when he who spake these words told you to search the scriptures. It is the scriptures of God's own gospel you must search. There is the knowledge of life, which will end the reign of mystery; for mystery is nothing more than an attempt on the part of some man who knows more than yourselves, to keep you in ignorance. There is no mystery, save your own ignorance, and your submission or tyranny one to another. All the wonders of the Almighty's gospel have unrolled themselves in the light of knowledge, or are now becoming manifest to the investigating spirit of man. Fire, water, air, the mysterious atmosphere, the powers, the elements and forces of nature, have each yielded up their secrets to the subtle and resistless grasp of man. But the last great veil of mystery is breaking fast. The great seventh seal, that so long has hidden the word of God, is being broken, and the destiny of man, the knowledge of God being revealed; the veil is rent in twain. Christ, one day, rent the veil of earthly infirmity from the obscured eyes of the faithful few who crowded

around him, and they recognized him, and knew that those who had seen the God-man—the son of God—had seen God the Father. He rent the veil of mystery when, on the Mount of Transfiguration, he disclosed the fact that the Almighty was the God of the living, not the God of the dead; that the living are to be his ministering spirits; that they can and do come to earth; that these are the ministers of light and knowledge, who, in all ages of the world, have gone forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. He rent the veil of mystery when he told you that these heirs of salvation were the good and the evil, the just and the unjust;—that even though the worst of prodigals, when men rejected him, there was a father to whom he could say: “I will arise and go to my father, though man rejects me; in his dear arms shall I find refuge.”

Man has drawn the limit of the faith of the soul closer; he has cramped it in the form of an authority, which, in the words “Thus saith the Lord,” have bound the people down beneath the weight and darkness of mystery. Again we proclaim, Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen. The trumpet notes sounded by the angel of prophetic vision, have gone forth once again; the nations are free; the awakened spirit of man arises in its original dignity and energy; the universe is opening to our view; the spirit of God is coming down among men, and the spirit of man is ascending to the knowledge of heavenly things.

We do not, at this time, propose to answer any questions. We leave your thought to revolve the statements we have made, this night holding ourself prepared to answer any inquiries. To-night we propose to speak of the gospel of nature. As we have shown you the past, we design to open another view of the true and sacred religion of the earth. And who is there that it does not concern? That lisping child is now a spirit incarnate in the flesh. It will engrave upon the spirit its acts and deeds. As ye think, so will ye act. If ye think justly, think truly, think rightly, so will your spirit take its impress, purified and upright. A heaven

will you carry within you—a heaven of innocence and truth, even as that lispng little one.

These words, if they be true, shall be to you the words of eternal life; if they be false, fear not, they must perish. We claim that ere you go forth to your Monday's work—ere ye once more approach the altars of trade and commerce to devote yourselves to the gods of dollars and cents, you have the right to ask and to know what they will do for ye in another life. The tale may have been often repeated to you, but at least we shall have the satisfaction, not only of offering the story once again, but the best reasons why you should at once accept the truth, and make it a part of your own lives by acting it out. This shall be our theme this night. For the present hour we part, commending ourselves to Him, the great spirit—God, who needs no consecration to render this building his temple. Was it not consecrated by his children, who, with strong arms, and willing and loving hearts, toiled in its erection? Was it not consecrated with the patient labor that was striving to feed the little ones at home? Was it not consecrated by the tender love of the laborer, who was caring for the helpless ones dependent on him? Was it not consecrated when He made the atoms of dust, of which it is built? Every particle of it is his handiwork.

Oh, Spirit of God! Great Father! we bless thee that thou hast said, "Let there be light;" there shall be light. To thee we consecrate this hour. In thy dear name we have retraced once more the work of man. We everywhere find thy precious hand, rending the veil of mystery, and letting in the light upon the gross darkness of the people. For it, we bless thy name. Thine forever—forever thine be the glory and the power.

LECTURE SECOND.

RELIGION OF NATURE.

Delivered at Kingsbury Hall, Sunday Evening, Oct. 21, 1860.

[At half past seven o'clock, Miss HARDINGE appeared and resumed as follows:]

“For what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”

It is this tremendous idea—the possibility of bargaining, in one short moment, for the entire of eternity—it is this valuation of what must exist forever—it is the hideous possibility of bargaining this away, which has placed the seal of greatness upon the name of religion. It is because there is no world, nothing within, around or about it, that any man can estimate in comparison with his soul, that has stamped this religion, queen of the world. Ere we proceed to offer some thoughts concerning that religion of nature which we know to be destined to supersede all man-made systems—ere we unfold to you the page of God's works, and measure them with the so-called page of God's word, permit us to remind you where religion has stood. Queen of the universe, before her shrines, kings, generals, merchants, men of business and men of leisure, the master and the captive, have bowed down in every age. All the magnificent temples of antiquity—all the mighty monuments, whose colossal forms even now excite the amazement of mechanics—all the splendid dynasties and powerful kingdoms of ancient days—every art and every science in the days of their infancy, first took rise beneath the mighty patronage of the gods. All these things bespeak for religion a pomp and power, a celebrity and

solemnity which no other element of life can rival to-day. To religion, all the most glorious fanes of earth have been created. In the name of religion, legions of human beings have gone forth and laid down their lives. Naught save religion could have stimulated the martyr to endure the leaping flame, eating with fiery agony into his body, whilst his faint lips still shouted hallelujahs to his God. Nothing but the stimulus of religion could have enabled the saints and martyrs, in long array, through all the ages, to endure the terrors of hideous death with the same joy with which they would have advanced to the bridal bed. In a word, the strongest emotion of the human heart is religion. Look abroad this day, and you will find that all the most solemn temples, the greatest amount of wealth, and the largest aggregation of wealth, influence, and respectability, are devoted to, and enshrined in the name of religion. Quite one-third of the people's hard earnings are laid on the altar of religion. The miser will part with his gold for religion, because he believes that in thus doing he is purchasing immunity from punishment, and that felicity which never perishes. The poor man is contented to walk beneath the shadow of adversity, and to battle with, and bear, up to his very lips, the waves of suffering flowing around him, provided you leave him the consolations of religion. The good and the bad shape their every hope and every fear by its dictates and influence. All cling, as their last refuge, to the altars of religion. Thus has she stood, and thus will she stand forever.

Whether the religions have been good or bad, is not the question now. The great question is, by what means has the name of religion thus usurped the sovereignty of the whole earth? The question might be answered in the simple sentence with which we have prefaced this address: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" To define, however, more clearly, the great secret of this vast empire over humanity, we may say that religion consists of three elements at least, and we propose now to give to the world

these three elements: The Knowledge of God—The Immortality of the Soul—and a Perfect Standard of Life Practice. If you will consider carefully how much of human existence and of human welfare is concentrated in these three sublime elements, you will find that religion, if she had justified her claims, would have merited the lordship over man's heart. To know God, is to know the hands in which you are placed. You find there an anchor for every suffering soul—a perfect and steadfast anchor on which you can rely in every condition of life. It is to reconcile all the inequalities, all the apparent injustice, and all the possibilities of human existence. To know God, is to feel that you are in the hands of a Father; it is to assure yourself of the same protection, and to rely upon Him with the same undoubting love and confidence with which the babe reposes on its mother's bosom. To be sure of immortality at once defines the object of your existence, realizes the purpose of your destiny, unlocks the great mystery of why your life is open to a vast vista of possibilities, of hopes, and fears, and warnings, of attractions and repulsions. That is enough of itself to form a lamp to your feet, and establish you forever upon a system of life practice that will ensure you the best possible condition in the hereafter. Life practice might well be said to grow out of those two thoughts. If ye know God, ye have your model. If ye comprehend our God, ye at once comprehend his laws, his purposes, and with them your own duties. To comprehend immortality will be a perpetual warning to all your aims and efforts. It will be the house you are laboring to erect, it will be the garden which you are planting, it will be that for which you are laying up treasures. And, oh Man! out of all the world's teeming myriads, there are not as many hundreds who believe in a God, and in the immortality of the soul, as there are millions to whom these are the greatest of eternal truths, while they know it not. If ye believe in a God, ye never could, in view of his sublime presence, so willfully break the commands which ye everywhere find written in his laws. Ye could not put forth your numberless systems

of religions, and tell of your thousand and one different gods. Ye could not worship Him in the fantastic manner in which many of ye present your offerings. Ye could not this hour supplicate Him for sunshine on the one hand, and claim that He was wise enough to foresee, direct, and contrive the laws that should produce the rushing storm on the other. Ye could not tolerate the spectacle of one army praying for victory over another—one army undertaking to slay thousands and millions of God's creatures, and yet soliciting his blessing to rest upon their work. Ye could not undertake to place army against army, deciding the contest, and giving the victory to him who should cry the loudest to this God of war and desolation. Oh Israel! Israel! how unequal are thy ways!

Neither believe ye in the immortality of the soul, or if ye do, ye do not manifest it. Ye write on tomb stones, "Here lies," "Here remains," "Here sleeps;" and ye do this in view of that word which tells you of the God of the living, which manifests the ever-living spirit in the various signs of communion where the mighty dead sit ministering to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration—to John on the isle of Patmos—to Saul in the cave of the woman of Endor. In every condition of life this immortality would be a lamp for your feet. Ye build houses for to-morrow; why are none building mansions for eternity? Alas! alas! either ye do not believe what your religionists teach ye, or ye fail in your standard of life practice. Ye have your standard, but unhappily ye make it a mutable one. Ye claim the best and purest love to the world—the simple law and commandment, do unto one another as ye would be done unto; and which among ye does it? Which of ye to-day believes in and acts upon it, so long as there is any of your systems, or any one of your Thirty-Nine Articles, or any one of your creeds, which can give ye immunity for sin, offer ye a great theological sponge, which with a few words will wipe it all away? In a word, ye either make your religions and your traditions of none effect, or else ye do not believe in them. Nevertheless,

religion exists. Religion has been, in one shape or another, the ruling principle of man's heart. He has clung to it because he believed it was to give him the priceless treasure of his immortal soul. And religion will exist; and that too upon precisely the same elements as she has hitherto professed to give you.

We now proceed to inquire where this conqueror and controller of human destiny can be found; where we shall be enabled to trace out that God, whom the prophet of olden times claimed was as high as heaven and as deep as hell. Surely, surely, somewhere in the works of the Maker we shall find him, or we shall hear him in the still, small voice. If we speak to the prophets of ancient times, we shall hear news of this far-off God. We observe that there can be but two means by which we can attain to an apprehension of that which clearly transcends man's own ability to spell out. In the human heart, or in the human brain, the evidence of that which is past and that which is to come, does not exist. There is not one among ye, who, without the exercise of his senses, can undertake to tell what has passed in the very moment that has fled, outside of his own sphere of observation. How, by searching, do ye propose to find out the God of all ages past? There is not one among ye, who, by the exercise of the faculties you now possess, can undertake to read the future with such accuracy as to determine, when, or how, or whether at all, your mortal feet shall bear ye from where ye now sit, to that door. How, then, by searching, do ye expect to find out that immortality ye have never tried? There must be some other way than by the exercise of that which ye term your reason. Religionists know this, and therefore they have protected their systems by claiming that they come from the ministry of angels—from spirits who know of God, and are in the experience of immortality. There is not a system on the known earth, but what has founded itself upon what is termed the revelation of spiritual beings. This revelation must in itself contain evidence. But can this define the conditions of all

times and of all ages? Are the witnesses of eighteen hundred or two thousand years ago reliable? Let us examine their claim. The prophets—who believed them? who accepted their report? They were hunted from society, scorned and persecuted, outcasts, driven to the wilds and deserts, men of caves and forests, of plain and wilderness. Those who surrounded them did not accept of their evidence. We are told that, eighteen hundred years ago, eleven men saw a spirit; and this is the evidence of the immortality of the soul. Out of the eleven, some worshiped and some doubted; and among the whole eleven witnesses, not one was found true enough, careful enough, patient enough, strong enough, to stand by their master in his hour of agony. They all forsook him and fled. And upon the uncertain testimony of these faithless followers, even divided among themselves when the risen spirit stood before them, you are to pin your faith for all future ages. Such is the revelation these systems present to you. Where these systems came from, we this day traced; what they were, we showed you. To-night it will be our purpose to offer ye a wider system of revelation, and a standard that cannot vary.

We claim that there are two modes of arriving at the same conclusion: the one by the works of the Maker; the other by his Word. The works we shall consider first. We search for God. Let us take the tree—that is enough. We find evidence there of design, intelligence, wisdom, love, power. There is not a blade of grass, nor a forest tree, that does not manifest all these. We do not now take the telescope, and ask you to gaze upon the multitude of shining worlds that night by night troop up to manifest the immensity of God's handiwork. We take the small blade of grass, the leaf of the forest tree. We perceive here an order, a system of calculation, a design. We perceive that that design is good. It means shelter; it means use; it means beauty. Every portion of that familiar, yet strangely-devised, little structure is good for man; good for the fowls of the air, and good for the beasts of the field. We take the grains of sand by the

sea shore ; they all tell the same tale. We take the leaf of the ancient forest tree. Millions of years have rolled over thy head, oh mighty forest tree ! and yet thou art living still. Untold ages ago, we see thy head, oh dark and ancient fern ! raised up into the thick, dusky atmosphere. Man nor beast was there to behold thee in thy solitary grandeur. Earth was yet fresh from its birth, in that awful hour when it rose from the deep that was without form and void. Thou wert the first of these ancient, marvellous monarchs of the forest, through which the desolate winds swept—the only sound then heard on the unpeopled earth. The time came when the great ocean passed over thy head, when the huge billows of ancient seas bore thee down and crushed thee, deep, deep, beneath their leaping waves. There didst thou lie, ancient forest fern, for untold ages. At length came the sun and the winds, and at length the waves of ocean receded once more. And now, oh tree ! peat, and bog, and moss accumulate and pile in irregular mass, where once the ancient forest tree was found. More changes ; more years ; more leaping surges ; more receding seas ; strong and mighty winds ; great tempests ; blackness, and storms, and desolating ages, as the earth grows older, until at last the place of thy dwelling is found no more ; and great mountains uprear their rocky, everlasting heads, where once, thou, forest fern, wert the only inhabitant. And now comes busy man, with pick, and spade, and mattock, delving into the heart of the ancient mountain, and lo ! he finds that in the still lapse of ages, while imbedded in earth's mystic laboratory, the forest tree, that so long battled with the elements, has undergone a wondrous transmutation.

“ Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.”

The delicate fern leaf has become a solid mineral. The blossom and the branch are transformed into the useful coal, stored up for man's necessity. He digs them up ; he carries them to his home ; and, in the light and warmth they diffuse

through his household, in the sunny smile of love, and the bright eye of beauty, their ancient glory is rekindled. If not this, he fills the great furnaces with the dense and ponderous relics of the ancient forest, from which comes forth the steaming gas to be conducted into the blaze that now lights these mortal eyes [pointing to the gas-burner, immediately in front]. There art thou gleaming, ancient forest fern; in every particle of leaping flame, a portion of thy life is to be found. Oh, little flame! is thy existence ended yet? With every moment of thy fiery life, thou art passing into the atmosphere. Thou art penetrating all the chinks and crannies of the heart and frame of man. He breathes thee; he assimilates thee, with every portion of his structure; he builds up a temple to the holy spirit, with thy gaseous emanation. We will not trace up thy life further, oh, thou little fern leaf! Whilst thou art blazing and dancing thy shimmering life away, we see thy spectral finger writing upon the flame—God, the Creator, for none but he could do it. His arm alone could sustain thee through millions of ages. His love alone could contrive so beneficent a work, to lighten and bless and prosper man. His wisdom alone could carve out a design of such wondrous chemistry as this. Oh! we need not go and listen to the boom of the mighty ocean; we need not wait for the thunder of the skies or the flash of the lightning; we need not gaze into the immensity of space to find out God. Every forest tree, and every blade of grass will tell the tale—will show wisdom, design, calculation.

We may not see Thee, oh creating, uncreated source of all! We, finite beings, may never gaze upon the infinite; we, fragments, may never apprehend the whole; but wherever the truth of thy law, thy calculations and designs is found, there are the foot-prints of an almighty and intelligent mind, written as plainly as man writes himself upon all his works. We seek for immortality, and the story of the fern leaf tells the whole tale. The sinking sun, as he sets to-night, writes the same story of eternity, on the golden and purple skies. The beautiful spring-time, when she yields up her lip of

flowers to the warm embrace of gorgeous summer, bids farewell with a cry of "I will return." The golden summer, as the rich tints of autumn embrown her gorgeous cheek, bids farewell to the earth with the warning cry, "I will return." Every autumn breeze is laden with the same eternal sound; and the booming winds of winter echo it in their solemn anthem; all repeat the perpetual pean of immortality, "Return, return, forever." Immortality is stamped upon everything that is. You cannot put a grain of matter out of existence. Ye may not, by searching, find out God. Ye may feel him, but ye cannot find him out. Ye can neither find out nor feel after that which ye term annihilation. Ye may ask, what has this to do with the human soul, since change is written on all forms? How shall we determine that no change shall come to that part which we claim to be immortal, and which can only have immortality by virtue of individuality? Aye, individuality—we have spoken the word, and that of itself signifies immortality. Individuality and change cannot exist together. If you change individuality, you find out annihilation. There is no such thing as annihilation. Individuality is an evidence out-wrought in the person of man, and until you can annihilate that, you never can change it. If you once change that identity, which says, "I am"—that consciousness that recognizes itself, and it does not speak individuality, the change is so mighty that it amounts to annihilation. Your own soul tells the tale. We do not claim, as many have done, that the longing for immortality tells the whole tale; although we do not believe in a God of mockery, although we do not believe that any fiend has placed before the longing, aspiring soul of man, the craving for eternity, merely to mock him with its shadow; yet, that is not our only evidence. We find that there is in the spirit a constant progress; from the cradle to the grave, the spirit manifests growth, but never change. Whatever is impressed upon the consciousness of the babe, remains with the old man. Whilst every grain of matter in your form passes and changes, and becomes lost in the immensity of space, it may

be, to be re-incarnated in some other form—whilst your bodies are forever throwing off and replacing their particles of foreign matter, from all substances around you, your spirit never changes. It is like a thread, upon which matter is strung, as beads are strung. Forms are forever changing, but the individuality of the spirit, whilst it is constantly marked by fresh conquests over knowledge, never loses one grain.

All things in nature reach their perfection here, except the spirit. The flower, after its kind—the machine that you invent and construct, after its kind—all inanimate forms, after their kind, are perfect in their life ; but what perfection does man find for all the energies, all the faculties, all the aspirations, the hopes, the longings, the wishes, the fears of his heart, shuddering at annihilation ? They either speak of immortality, or were given in mere mockery. Who among ye white-haired old men, as ye plant your trembling feet on the verge of the grave, can say : “ My soul is full ; I ask for no more ; my soul is the perfect flower of my existence ; there is no more to be added ” ? The cry is still for to-morrow ; the cry is still for light ; and the dim eye opens like a window of the soul looking through upon eternity, and still searching for and feeling after the endless vistas of a perpetually returning to-morrow. These are the evidences of immortality. This quenchless, indestructible principle in which ye live and are placed—matter—ye cannot destroy this ; how much less can ye crush out the light of the changeless, immortal spirit ? Nature tells the whole tale.

And for life practice, do ye need a standard ? Though Confucius had never lived ; though Zoroaster and Buddha, though Osiris and Esculapius and Bacchus had never taught ; though all the gods of Greece and Rome and Egypt had never enunciated their systems, that rule which Jesus, the last of the prophets, taught, that to do unto men as ye would be done unto, was the only perfect standard, would still have been known. The ancients knew and felt and practiced it long ere sects and systems of worship had their day. The

very first nations of the earth knew it. They recognized it in the eternal gospel, which preaches it through every stone and grain of sand. While love—that love which gives, that justice which demands not in return, is an eternal principle; it forms the standard throughout all nature. Try it even in its lowest forms. Do to the rocks as ye would have them do unto you. Treat them well; work them well and carefully; beware how ye dash them in pieces in scorn and anger, or they will answer no good purpose. Break them with care and treat them with kindness and they will build your houses and return your care a thousand fold in good uses. Care for the metals; work the iron carefully; let the gold be wrought with love and tenderness; labor with all the faculties and all the energies, aye, with all the scrutiny of the finest justice, to perfect the metals, and they will return you their uses a thousand fold. Love the unpolished gems, deal with them with gentle and unwearied hand, treat them as though you loved them, and they will smile in your face with all the radiant beauty of answering love. Love the grains of sand, and they will give you the plates of shining, crystal glass. Care for the little flower, and it will bestow its perfumed breath upon you. Love the rocks, and they will shelter you; love the winds and the waves, and the sweet sunshine that spreads over your heads, and the skies above, and they will stretch away their mighty, protecting arms to catch the breezes and waft to you their fragrant breath. The rocks give up the debris of their decaying forms, under the influence of warmth and sunlight, in order to produce flowers and sweet vegetation; and the flowers love the air and sunlight; as they drink in the sweet dews of morning, and rejoice beneath the golden light of the radiant sun, they give forth their perfumed loveliness, and they stretch upward their shining heads to greet with a merry laugh the passing zephyr, rejoicing that the sun loves them, and they grow in his healthful beams. All nature tells the tale of universal justice and universal love. But when you come to man, you see how perfectly the tale of love and justice

and kindness is engraven upon every human soul. By what consciousness does the little child stretch out its arms to the being that is kindest to it? If nature had not written upon its tender mind, love, as the first element of knowledge, this recognition of kindness could never be. Look in the face of the young school-boy, and ask what makes that fearful, anxious face light up with sudden joy, and brighten with such gladness, that the poor dunce will slave over his lessons to bring them perfect to the kind master? The one cheerful word, the one look of love, the one tone of encouragement, will sink into that young, loving heart, and stimulate him to a task that not the hardest blow would drive him to perform. Try it with the young man, as he goes forth to seek in the cold, hard world the way to fortune and fame. Can the voices of his earlier years, can the gushing words of love ever leave him? Back to the companions, back to the maid of his heart, back to the one true and only being on earth, that can speak in those tones that nothing on earth can rival; and thou, simple maid, will ever return love, love. It is still the interchange of something stronger than self, dearer than one's own nature. This has made the world beautiful and good, and redeemed it from the hard iron rule of self. Try it with the stern warrior, as he returns from the battle field, with the blood-stained wreath of victory around his brow; as the applauding shouts of millions resound in his ear; as the trophies of victory are strewn before him, where does that eye look most fondly, and most anxiously for applause; where does it find the only applause that goes straight to the heart, and makes the warrior the man? In the eye of the dear companions he had left at home; in the sound of the little child's feet as it runs across the floor to meet him; in the one precious word, father. Then the warrior is forgotten, the victory is uncared for, the shout of nations is drowned; all the laurels, all the pomp, and all the fame he has gained, are laid at the feet of love. Oh man! man! from the cradle to the grave, from the voices of the flowers to the din of the hard, metallic world; from the

throbbing heart of every child to the burning bosom of every man, there goes forth the echo of that cry, that to do unto others as ye would have them do unto you, is the perfect standard of right, which exists throughout all nature. There is none other. Well may the great philosopher of Nazareth, the man whom some overwise amongst ye have called unscientific, and unphilosophical—well might he with far-seeing eye, with deep-seated consciousness, and clairvoyant perception of past, present and future, of all man's necessities and capabilities, sum up every law and commandment in this one simple teaching.

Nature, is this thy gospel, or is it not? Listen to the pattering rain drops.* Whence do they come? Where have they traveled from? From what distant worlds has the breath of the unknown God sent them? Oh, they have lived forever! They tell, with every wild gust and faint patter, of a God who had neither beginning nor shall ever know end. Alpha and Omega is in every sound. We cannot define their origin—they have lived from all time. They tell with significant voice the tale of immortality. They have come from dim ages, where they were manufactured, first in the shape of volumes of gaseous worlds; then concentrated and crystalized into the crust of your earth, passing through every variety of form until, at last, they find their lodgment within your bodies; and passing out from thence in the form of gas, re-ascend to the eternal skies to be re-manufactured into the form of rain-drops. Their origin is with the great Alpha and Omega of eternity. Immortality, too, is in every sound. You never can destroy them. Life practice is there too. They bring their uses. As they sink within the violet cup they become absorbed in its beauty, and in its purity. As they return to earth for the irrigation of vegetation, they bring with them life, and health. Ere they leave the flower they carry with them the fragrance of its life; they become

* The rain, which had prevailed during the evening, at this time was increasing, and the patter of the drops could be heard without. To this the speaker alludes.

incarnated, as it were, into its beautiful existence; they become once again the earthy part, and it may be that ages hence they shall sparkle in the radiance of the glorious diamond. Progress, too, is another portion of this eternal gospel of nature, which the ages tell; which the history of all nations teaches; which the advance of every art, and every science indicates; which the history of planets, suns and stars proclaims; which man himself spells out from the cradle to the grave, in a perpetual series of progressive experiments, each one leading to the culminating point when his spirit is set free, to put in practice the results of the follies, the trespasses, the hopes, the wishes, the aspirations which he has gained in his earthly career. This, too, is the great lesson, that equalizes all injustice, that gives to every human soul a chance, that assures every being that there is justice awaiting him in some condition, either here or hereafter. These are some of the lessons which we read from the great gospel of nature. But not until we have taken you deep, deep, and from the central fires that burn beneath, to the sparkling stars that gleam above you, can we read the operation of the magnificent gospel which the finger of the Almighty himself has written. The great lesson, however, which all things tell, is, that there is an all-preserving arm, an all-sustaining power, a master mind, equal to the exigencies of all occasions, a force strong enough to uphold all, a mind affectionate and loving enough to do all things for man's use and benefit.

A few words on the subject of revelation. We have already shown you that the revelation claimed by your religionists is imperfect. It is so not in essence, not in quality, but in quantity. First, we admit that man, from the gospel of nature, may by thought, by searching, find out God, define his own existence and read clear—aye, clear as sunlight—the whole path of his duty. We yet claim that man is not at present a thinking being; man has too long been accustomed to yielding up the reins of thought to others more capable of spelling out the great purposes of nature, to take

the reins himself; to pause in the headlong career of his daily duties, go out among the fields and the rocks, into the arts and sciences of nature, and spell out God. We find, therefore, that the good Father, compassionating the weakness of the creature He has made, has established a long line of revelation that, like a silver cord, has bound the ages together, until it has brought up the history of the race to its present degree of perfection. And thus we find, on one side, the history of naturalism, and on the other, that of supernaturalism. There stands the dry history of the race—wars, and politics, and governments, the rise and fall of kingdoms; and on the other side stand the history of ghosts, and spectres, and apparitions, of morbid spirits, of angels, of monsters of darkness and light, and all the signs and miracles and wonders, which in every age and country have been ranged beneath the title or placed in the domain of supernaturalism. Compare the two, and we believe that you will find that the one is the cause, the other the effect. When you begin to trace up the history of all ages, you have to borrow of supernaturalism. When you would trace up the foundations of kingdoms and dynasties—when you would ask, whence come the lost systems of government, still you must go to supernaturalism. When you desire to inquire of painting, music, poetry, sculpture, the traditions of all the social enjoyments and religious observances of mankind, still you must go back to supernaturalism. All that is grand and beautiful in history—all that is graceful in literature—the origin of every art and every science—all claim as a parent that convenient word, inspiration. That, traced to its origin, means the still small voice of supernaturalism. We know it is the custom of religionists to make one grand dive into the world of supernaturalism, and claim that, for a special period, for a special purpose, and under special circumstances, supernaturalism actually did mingle with the age of naturalism. Unfortunately, every nation makes the same claim, and when we desire to decide between them, we have to inquire whether they are all God's children or not. If we could

find that race, that religion, that people, that was not born of the same God, through the self-same laws, and under the self-same conditions, we should surely yield the palm to you, Oh Christians! But since ye are but a fragment of the earth, and that a very small one—since ye have not originated any art nor any science yourselves, but have been content to spoil the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabians, the Jews, in a word, all nations, and then call them Christian, we find we are compelled, in simple justice, to own that every nation has had its measure of supernaturalism as well as yourselves. Where we take issue with you, then, Oh Christians! is not in the fact of your claiming a spiritual origin for your religion, but in the atrocious fact that you deny it to others. You admit that spiritual beings can be the only revelators, except from analogy, except from that beneficent process of slow reason which insists that man should investigate the sources of being—should go out into nature and spell out her mysteries. Except by such process, it is impossible that any but spiritual beings can understand and define the spirit, God. Unless ye comprehend what spirit is—unless ye apprehend its existence, and measure its possibilities—unless ye can define its attributes, and learn that they are one and the same with the attributes of Him whom ye call God—“our God,” ye may prate in vain with your thousand tongues, your religious systems of every age. Ye may define and measure your image of the soul, and then enlarge it and call it a God, but ye never can define the being that fills all space; ye never can measure the Soul of the universe, until ye comprehend the soul within ye. As you are the type of him—as your soul acts upon the matter of your own body, so does the Soul of immensity act upon the matter of immensity; and in no other way than by comprehending and defining your own soul, can ye ever solve the question of a God. And who shall define it but the disembodied? Who shall bring ye news of a spiritual existence—who shall measure the length and breadth, the height and depth, the possibilities and attributes of spirits,

save spirits? When you ask for evidence, are you to take the evidence that they quote of eleven men, some doubting and some worshiping, when the great world of supernaturalism stands open before you, with all its long-preserved traditions, with all its undeniable facts? And if that is not enough, take the naturalism and supernaturalism of this day, and reduce it to the simple laws of electricity, and you will find that supernaturalism is nothing more than the naturalism which grows out of the earth, as the soul grows out of the body. Aye, your days of supernaturalism are ended, and with its termination comes the last page in God's great gospel of revelation.

Hitherto, we have limited our view to the works; now we will take the word; and where you find this differing from the works, distrust it. God's word can never be false, so long as it matches God's works. The word comes to us through fallible, human lips, or at least through the human medium. Whichever way you classify it, the medium of a finite being must be imperfect. Whatever you receive, therefore, of God's word, must be of a fragmental character. Whatever you receive of God's works, you receive in their immensity, all the laws, all the conditions, being written in the smallest as well as in the largest part. Revelation, therefore, is nothing more than an imperfect teaching, whether it come from the spirits, or from man, inspired by God himself. It can only be defined by the capacity of the medium; it can only belong to the time in which it is given; it can only be apprehended by you according to your intelligence of to-day; and if you are a progressive people, that intelligence is not enough for to-morrow. Give us our daily bread for the body, is the cry of the materialist; but wherefore do you not ask daily bread for the soul? We will tell you why ye do not ask it—because it has been poured upon you; because the measure has been pressed down and running over; because the light has shone in the darkness, though the darkness comprehended it not. Nature, then, is the book, and spirits the teachers that enable you to read it. It is for the purpose

of restoring you to that age of innocence, to that Garden of Eden, when, without gospel or creed, Bible systems or churches, man heard the voice of his God walking in the garden—it is for the purpose of initiating the great church of the universe, for building up the great altar of the human heart, for installing the high priest, God himself, and bringing into your visible presence the ministering acolytes, that beings who are in the experience of immortality, who know spirituality as a reality, have manifested their presence to you—that modern Spiritualism has come, not to break down your religions, but to build them on the Rock of Ages—not to subvert your churches, but to build one large enough to contain the great, round, rushing world—not to take away aught that is good, but to give you that truth that shall make you free. But believe not—no, not a single word—that the works of the Maker do not verify. “Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits.” Does it mean that ye shall quench prophecy, and despise prophesying and the spirits? Does it mean that ye shall not covet after spiritual gifts? Does it mean that your sons and your daughters shall no more prophesy? All these things, we reminded you to-day, belonged to your religious systems. Why do ye not indoctrinate them into your creeds? Why do we not find them in your Thirty-Nine Articles? Where are the signs that should follow them that believe, Oh Christians? Or are there none among you who do believe, but modern Spiritualists? Oh! it is in vain to believe, with your religions or systems of mystery; that mystery which is designed to keep you in darkness is the only veil that hides from you the God of nature, the divine will, and immortality, and perverts the pure and simple teaching of nature’s law of right—that standard of right that requires you to do to every one else, and every thing, precisely what ye would have done unto yourselves. Farewell, religious systems, and all hail religion! Farewell to creeds, and dogmas, and all hail to the word of the living God! written on every page of all his works, and at last inaugu-

rated, in full and mighty reality, by God's ministers. We tell ye, men, there is not a rap, that ever sounded in the spirit circle, but what points you to nature—that bids you go forth to the works, before you take for authority one single word. There is not a dancing table, nor vibrating floor, not a single motion of the gyrating bodies, that ye scorn, and sneer, and scoff at—not one of these low and insignificant manifestations, but what speaks with trumpet tongue of immortality; and never has it spoken and its utterance been established, unless it was based upon principles that are written in the gospel of nature. The book has been before you; the priests have placed the seventh seal upon it, and defied it to break out. But the spirits at last have loosened it. You open it, and find that one word, Religion. That is the purpose,—the meaning, the destiny of life; the religion of the seven days; the religion of the blacksmith, and the mariner; the religion of the builder, and the operative; the religion of the machinist, and the merchant; the religion of the trader, and the farmer; the religion that does to every creature in every situation and condition of life, on every day of the week, and in every second of time, what he would have man do unto him. This is what you are required to do in exchange for what God has given you—your own soul.

We would now willingly answer a few questions, if it be the pleasure of this audience to propound them.

[A gentleman in the audience arose and asked the following questions:]

“Is not spirit, or life, an eternal element, as reasonable a hypothesis as visible matter to be eternal, subject to eternal transmutation?”

“Conscious beings—their highest perfection being attained, can man be conscious of a higher divine essence?”

“May not the vital spirit of life be subject to transmutation, unconscious of the past, presuming the future?”

MISS HARDINGE.—These questions would all require, for their perfect elaboration, too long a period for us to press upon the attention of this auditory. We will in brief refer to one question. The spirit may be termed in one sense transmuted; that is to say, whilst the spirit, being here encased in the mortal body, neither knows nor gravitates to its proper sphere, the spirit in another world, by a simple transmutation, forms from itself these elements and surrounding conditions, which it simply gathers up here from the external. Here the spirit possesses houses, lands, circumstances, and surroundings foreign to itself. In spirit land all these things are outworked from its own condition. This is, to some extent, a transmutation, and the only one which the spirit knows. The spirit cannot suffer change without annihilation.

We have endeavored to dwell upon this point, feeling that it was pressed on by a strong and powerful mind in our audience. We now recognize that this thought has been pressing upon our questioner. We again insist that the individuality of the spirit is inwrought with the consciousness, and can suffer no change without annihilation. Of the divine essence, we may not this night speak more fully.

We will, with the pleasure of this audience, propose as the subject next in order to be considered, The idea of the Divine. Our question shall take this form: Who, what, and where is God? Of what substance? What quality? What relation does he hold to man? We will follow this, by considering the special nature of that element we term the spirit of man. We shall then be enabled to give those definitions which a few brief words would but ill convey to a mind so capable of analyzing for itself the conditions of mind, either in the human form, or what we term the general idea of God, as that which has presented our questions this night. We will not therefore trespass upon the patience of an overtaxed auditory. Once more we will request you to bring your questions prepared when next we meet. We

trust the time will better serve for allowing these questioning minds to take counsel with their speaker.

We now go forth into the solemn darkness; but where is there darkness that mind has not illuminated? We go forth into that great mystery of the future; but where is that future which mind has not planned, calculated, foreknown, and foreordained? To that Mind, then, we commend ourselves. What matters it by what name we designate it? We may call it Allah, Brahma, Vishnu; or we may call it Jehovah, or God; it matters not, we know that it is with us, and that it is caring for us. Then do we commend ourselves to thee, Oh, viewless, formless Being! King of light, and Lord of men, whom it is our dearest, best privilege to call Our Father.

LECTURE THIRD.

THE CREATOR AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

Delivered at Kingsbury Hall, Sunday Morning, Oct. 23, 1860.

[Miss HARDINGE appeared at a quarter before eleven, and resumed the series of discourses as follows:]

“Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven: what canst thou do? Deeper than hell: what canst thou know?”

SUCH are the tremendous words by which ye children of the living God are barred out from coming to his footstool. Such is the floodgate that is let down between the knowledge of your Creator and you, Oh Creature! The pean of the Man of Sorrows in ancient days, the great tragedy of Job, has been considered one of the most sublime representations of Him whom another taught ye to call Our Father. This day we propose to consider who, what, and where, is God. We remind ye of the thoughts of the ancient, because they are yet supposed to contain the grain of wheat, upon which ye are this day to make daily bread for your souls. But for these suggestions which we design to offer you, we propose to give ye another text.

Knowledge is power. If ye possess the knowledge of the Author of your being, with it comes the knowledge of yourselves and your own destiny. Ye are the children of two eternities. The ocean of infinity rolls upwards from the past, as well as upwards in the future; and unless ye have the knowledge of the great ocean of power which surrounds ye—unless ye can circle eternity, ye know nothing. These,

too, are days of materialism. Even among some of the brightest stars in the firmament of modern Spiritualism, there is a tendency to re-enter the shell from which you have sprung—there is a love for the earth—an adoration for the atoms—a worship for the dust out of which your material forms have been fashioned, that it is well for the true spirit at least to comprehend in all its bearings. It is with this view that we propose to ask your attention this day to the transcendental subject termed God.

It is an acknowledged axiom, that the effect cannot be greater than the cause. It is an axiom of science, that all things are at work, from a centre to a circumference. Upon these two axiomatic principles, we might raise a claim of the absolute necessity for a God. The Spiritualist, however, has assumed another position. He looks upon matter, and pronounces it indestructible. He perceives everywhere the eternal progress of the atoms from one condition of beauty to another; and he pronounces that the law of progress everywhere permeates matter. He says, "I perceive the cause of the law stamped upon matter. I find a sufficient cause in the atoms of which I am composed. I perceive everywhere that the law of progress eliminates itself out of the smallest point. Why should I search further? Behold my God! I perceive in the dust beneath my feet, in the dancing motes of the atmosphere, in every dew drop, in every blade, of grass—in all, I perceive my God. This is enough: my knowledge is power." What is that power? The power of atomic law—the power of materiality. But is this all? Is there nothing behind these flying spectres of the skies, these cometary vapors that have banded together to fashion your earth? Is there nothing in those immense regions of space, where world after world troops up into the midnight vault of heaven, each one gravitating to its place, and rolling on from eternity to eternity in the same immovable, and yet ever-varying round, of law! law! law! Aye, that is the word. Did law impress itself upon the atoms? These mighty winds, these great storm-kings, that are turned loose to sweep the

earth—by what power are they restrained? By what spirit of intelligence are they gathered up into the chambers whence they issued? By what power and design is a boundary set to their violence and force, and they called home again to wait the bidding of further law to send them forth? By what calculation and order have stars and systems been set in their places; winds and tides each obeying the same system of order and calculation? You talk of law impressed upon the blade of grass; you find law in the cup of the lily; and say this is enough to account for its radiant purity. Oh lily! whence hast thou come? Trace back thy origin day after day to the coarse ferns, and mosses, and lichens, of ancient days. Trace them again back to the trailing weeds of deep, fathomless seas. Trace them back again to the vapory mass of the comet, and still you find Him behind them all; every comet, every planet, every star, booming ocean, bellowing winds, whispering lily, and murmuring fountain, perpetually echoing God! God! God! The thought precedes the deed. Nothing can be so childish as to expect that one single impression of your finger is ever made independent of the little general that sits in your brain. We know that it has been contended by the materialist, that there are many of your acts, some of them the most powerful and effective for your preservation, that are performed by you independent of spirit. There are times in your lives when, unexpectedly, some yawning gulf opens before you, when some tremendous danger is lying in your pathway, that, by what you term instinct, independent of the slow processes of thought, you leap aside and are saved. You claim that is the instinct of self-preservation, acting quicker than the tardy movements of reason—that it is the instinct of the atoms. Or, it may be the word of power from some spirit to protect you. Spirit! Aye, that is the word. Behind your own thought is spirit. Behind every spirit, or fragment of spirit, must have been a larger thought, to give that spirit being. Until you can stand behind yourselves, and acknowledge yourselves your own creators, it is in vain for you to

believe that the atoms which you govern are the cause whose elimination is your powerful soul, your mighty thought. Everywhere you find spirit first, thought next—matter acted upon; and yet again we repeat, that the materialist among you spiritualists, answers, in this great day of spiritual reality and spiritual triumph, that these atoms are the cause, and your magnificent organism of mighty, controlling spirit is but the effect.

We propose this day to step behind these atoms, and see whence they obtain this wondrous, all-pervading law. We do not deny the indestructibility of matter, nor its eternity; on the contrary, we claim that matter ever has been, and that matter must in all time have existence, since we find that in all time it retains its imperishable, indestructible nature. You cannot put this thing out of existence, out of life. You may destroy its form; you may change the particles of its fabric; you will do so; it cannot preserve them longer than the use of this fabric requires them to be banded together; but in whatever condition they exist, somewhere, either in the form of solid, fluid, or gas, they will remain forever. Again we repeat it—ye stand between two eternities. Lives finite one way cannot be infinite the other. If there is infinity, eternity before, there is infinity, eternity behind; and therefore we conceive the fact that matter is eternal, and with it there is power that governs matter. Spirit, too, is eternal; coeval, coincident with matter. We claim, then, that there are two eternal, coëxistent principles, spirit and matter—spirit the positive and active, matter the negative and passive. Behind all forms, behind all creations, all worlds, and all times, we find these two eternal, ever-active agents. We also observe that spirit combining within itself intelligence, love, will, power, wisdom—these being the attributes of the spirits ye possess; in the totality forming what we term God. We cannot dispense with this idea of God. It is as irrational, as illogical, that all things around you are phantoms, that the atoms among which you move are illusions, as to claim that spirit is illusion. If there is a world of light; if

there is a permanent universe, with ten thousand millions of such worlds ; if you are composed and conglomerated of atoms yet intermingling, interpenetrating, guiding, governing, ruling, sustaining, observing, it is the all-potent, all-pervading element of spirit ; and this we choose to term God. This we will worship ; this we will lean on ; this we call Our Father ; recognizing that from his immensity, God shakes out the scintillations of spirit, like star-dust ; that these scintillations of the Divine Spirit upon the atoms impress it with that which you term law, and give birth to the living forms of men and things around you. Again we find that there is a sublime recognition of this necessity in the history of the world. Man is a worshipping being, and ever has been. Man, in some fashion or other, has ever acknowledged an intelligential principle, which he calls God. It matters not through what strange and various ways, through what grotesque forms and idols, the ignorant ancients have endeavored to spell out God ; it is enough that they recognize him, bending to Isis, Osiris, and Buddha. In every phase, whether in the primary worship of light by the ancient Persians ; whether in the Sun-God of the ancient Egyptians, or Vishnu of the Brahmins ; in some form or other, the soul of every man has responded to the still small voice of the I AM within him. Man has never gazed upon himself without recognizing his Author, his Father, his God. Upon these propositions we stand ; we shall not enlarge upon them at this time further ; we propose rather to dwell upon the attributes of this God. As ye live in the present ; as this is your own ; as ye think of your God ; so do ye deal with one another.

As we cannot expect that man should transcend his God, or that his own acts and deeds should be of a different character from that being whom he acknowledges his model, and to whom he holds himself accountable, so do we conceive that the great question of this age is the definition of that God's dealing with man. We know it is the custom, in pulpit and in press, when men would subdue the souls of their fellow mortals, and place before them the panoramic view of

their God, to take the telescope, go out into immensity, and endeavor to magnify the attributes of this tremendous power, in whose hands they are. We prefer to take the microscope. Ye, O men and women! are but a fragment of existence after all. It is of the seconds of time that your existences are made up. You may go forth into the battle field; into the great game of life, and when you are called upon to act out some mighty part, you may find a giant strength afforded for the moment; but it is in the daily practice; in the small hours of thought; in the little seconds of daily welfare, that your life, your spirit, and your character are made up. It is with these things, then, that we propose to deal. We will bring down our God from the immensity of his incomprehensible being to the atom. We will see if we cannot, by searching, find him out in the grains of life.

We propose, then, with microscope in hand, to take the very smallest of God's works; one of the most insignificant and almost imponderable evidences of his power, and from this we will spell out the gospel of our God's dealing with men. Aye, we will even take the little breath that is now parting these lips. We have again and again found it necessary, when men of great thought, mighty mind, and large capacity, were overwhelming us with stars, and suns, and systems, to descend to details, to examine the fragments of our being, and to see if we could not find our God nearer home than the distant skies. Take, then, the little breath that parts our lips. All of eternity is in that little breath. Let us see where it comes from, before we trace up its progress in the future. We find that there is a great central point in the human structure called the heart. Knowledge is power. We observe that if we know this centre within ourselves; if we know that man is a microcosm of all creation, we shall also know that the immensity outside of ourselves, has a centre like ourselves; here, then, is our God; here, then, is the central point of life for the atoms of our body, the heart. On one side of this heart is a great tube, which we term an artery; forth from these tubes flows out

the life current. When it passes from the artery it is red ; the deep, sanguine color, which is life ; as it leaves this great artery, it passes into innumerable tubes, termed arteries. Arterial blood is always recognized to be deep red. After a certain period of passage through the body, it leaves the arteries, and passes into what are termed veins ; it then becomes almost black, but not until it has coursed through nearly all the body. It leaves the heart red and pure ; it returns to it through the veins black and corrupt ; because, by traversing the course of the body, it gathers up all its impurities. It leaves it charged with oxygen gas ; it returns charged with carbonic acid gas. It leaves it full of the pure atmosphere of heaven, and returns to it full of the corrupt atmosphere of earth. It now re-enters the heart, passes through other lobes, and supplies the lungs, through which it becomes again liberated by the atmosphere of heaven, and returns into the air the pure, red arterial blood. The air which now surrounds you ; the breath that comes fresh from the far distant realms of space ; the sweet and potent breath of our God ; the mighty winds which everywhere are sweeping through space, and come laden with the fragrant perfumes of other climes ; the balmy atmosphere of those radiant worlds, where love and purity are found. In this system, the fresh and genial atmosphere gradually descends through your thick, murky air, and enters your lungs ; and in a few seconds of time, in one little circuit of motion, every breath which you drink in, forms the entire round of your body, and becomes in that round changed from the red arterial to the dark venous blood ; this is the origin of every breath. Here do you find the wondrous course it pursues ; through ten thousand millions of different channels every breath passes—through the wondrous cavity of the brain—through all the nerves, the fibres, and the sinews—through all the crooks, the hinges, and the joints ; for within man are mechanical physics. There is the great system of pneumatics ; the great system of hydrostatics, water, fluid, every conceivable element, all are within you ; all these are tra-

versed by one little breath; every portion is elaborated by one little breath. And now it has coursed the entire circuit of this wondrous structure of man, and passes out from your lips; and now we propose to trace its future history on to the next eternity. Coming from whence? coming from those dim, mysterious worlds, that appear to be almost on the rim of space; coming from that illimitable distance which your astronomers tell you it takes millions of years for the light to travel through; that little breath has come with the balmy airs of distant lands. It has now performed its circuit through your body, where now does it go?

By the great galvanic battery of the lungs, the breath is forced out through your lips; the blood enters through the arteries red, it leaves through the veins black; the breath enters pure, it leaves a deadly poison. Your chemists tell you that if you could be so contrived that the breath of the body turned back to it, in a few minutes of time its poisonous exhalations would destroy you. If that breath had not been forced outwards; if it were permitted to hang around your lips, you would inevitably perish beneath its baleful influence in a few seconds. It leaves you carbonic acid gas; where does it go to? Does it not, as ye mingle with one another, fall on and destroy the uncertain lives of those with whom you every moment converse? No, because, being carbonic acid gas, it is heavier than the atmosphere, it falls through it and sinks down to the ground; now it reaches the ground, being thicker than the atmosphere; why does it not accumulate, until at last you are steeped in it; until at last it reaches your lips, and the poison drags you beneath its baleful influence? Because the carbonic acid gas of your bodies is the life of the beautiful vegetable world. Every blossom and every fruit; every leaf, and every mighty forest tree, drinks it in. It becomes the daily bread of flower, and tree, and root. There is a means provided by which the poison is absorbed, and returned to you, in part, in the delightful, healthful world of vegetable life; in the sweet perfume of the flowers, all its baneful effects are lost. In

the delicious breath of the rose, the poison is transmuted into fragrance; in the purity of the lily, it is changed into the most exquisite and delicate beauty; in the useful root and the luscious fruit; in the waving grass, and sheltering tree; in all these, a portion of your little breath is found again. There is another portion of it that is not found. It is patent to you all, that in new lands, where there is a vast accumulation of decaying vegetation, the miasma of fever would steam its pestilence from the ground. Why is this? Because in decaying vegetation a part of your breath is found again, and but a part. With the death of every plant there goes forth the emanation called hydrogen gas. This, too, is a deadly poison, if drank in by you unmixed. What would be the consequence then, if the vast exhalations of decaying vegetation should become so great that they should rise up and drown you in their baleful embrace? But this cannot be. By another contrivance of some great Chemist, perhaps of the atoms, perhaps of the generous gas itself, hydrogen gas is lighter than the atmosphere, and as it passes your lips, only a small part of it is allowed to accumulate in poison and pestilence. Now we find a little part of the breath ascending in hydrogen gas; it speeds away to the great banks of clouds that are waiting for it in the atmosphere. It there commingles with the oxygen. The sparks of electricity pass through it, and it returns to you in the form of the beautiful rain drop; in the wholesome dew and the precious shower; it falls into the rivers; it supplies the fountains; it makes up the immensity of the mighty ocean; you sail your ships upon it; you send your fleets for commerce and for conquest over its vast surface; you drink it in again; it irrigates your gardens; it is the motive power by which all your machinery is worked; it is the origin of all the various blessings of civilization which you send from pole to pole. The delicious spices of India, the tea of China, the products of the looms of Persia; the cotton of America; the fabrics and the growths of far distant lands, are all borne upon a portion of this little breath. And still the sun drinks it, still the moon

calls it up in the leaping tide ; and still the vapors of ocean go forth to return to you again in atmosphere ; and so it runs its course, on, on, forever.

We enter the grand ocean of the eternity of the future.

This is the history of our little breath. You cannot see it ; you can hardly weigh it ; you can scarcely feel it ; it is hardly palpable to any one of your senses ; and yet you stand before it, and read a gospel of love, and wisdom, and power, such as all the chemists that have ever lived could never contrive. Oh ! think of the love that so wisely and beautifully orders that you shall be thus cared for ; that your bodies shall be thus fed with this one wholesome breath. Oh ! think of the love that has so contrived that every part, aye, even to the paring of a nail, shall be revived even with this same beautiful breath. Oh ! think of the kindness that has so constructed that breath, that it shall be heavier than the atmosphere and fall to the ground ; that it shall be lighter than the atmosphere after it has passed through the flower, and leave the heavy portions, and returning again a poison, that it shall ascend above you. Oh ! think of the beneficence that sends down the wholesome rain, and the precious dew, to bless you once again. Oh ! think of the wisdom that has contrived it ; of the resistless power that is able to carry it into action.

Know thyself ! With knowledge is power indeed. With such a knowledge as this, tracing out the gospel with one little breath ; tracing out the immensity of love and wisdom, of kindness and strength, that is thus manifested. Oh, do you not possess power ! Aye, like your Father, almost a demi-god. And may you not find the knowledge you possess change the conditions of the earth ? May you not by this knowledge calculate the forces of human life, upon the vegetable world, and upon the atmospheric world ? May you not so purify yourself, as to make the earth better, the flowers brighter, the trees mightier, the air purer, the skies more resplendent, through such an outworking through yourself ? Possessing this vast knowledge, may you not do as your God

has done—change every condition and impress the laws of your own knowledge of everything that you thus comprehend? We tell you, Oh Man! the history of that little breath; if any of your chemists on earth could contrive anything half so beautiful; half so wise; or half so wonderful; you might well claim that the atoms that made up the chemists are the gods, the cause, and the origin, of a spirit so good, so beautiful, and so wise. But you require that God's dealings with man shall be narrowed down, each one to his own state. You look upon your own career, and many of you mourn in sorrow; many of you languish in pain; many of you suffer by the bitter despotism of burning heat, and the freezing snow; many of you are perishing for food, and still more are stamped with the degraded seal of criminal passion. Here you pause; you may acknowledge that the cup of the lily and the rose, the little breath that passes your lips, are all full of the wisdom and power of God; but it is in your own human destiny that you look for more uniformity and happiness; that you ask for cause; that you demand why you are the victims of the effect of pain and anguish.

In olden times they talked in parables. Man will see upon his neighbor's face what he will not recognize in himself. Once more, then, permit us to review the mode of teaching in ancient time, and present you with a parable by which you shall learn how God works out light, through all man's darkness. We perceive that man has ever been searching for what he terms the cause of evil. This has been the great problem of the ages. The ancients found it in the absence of their sun-god. You know that there is a power behind the sun. You know that the seasons are not gods, and that the conflict of summer and winter is not the cause of evil, although it may be its type. This is not sufficient for you. This was not sufficient for a man, who, gazing over the world's mysterious order, cried, "All things are evil. Happiness is a phantom that constantly flies from me. I call the sun into the tribunal of my judgment. I lay the

charge of evil against its burning beams. I summon the winds into the court of inquiry too; I find that they are stern and violent; they uproot the forest tree and they tear down the noblest works of man. I ask the storm-king, the king of the frosts and of the ice, and I find that each one carries the sceptre of destruction. I look upon my fellow men, and I find that every arm is against me. Oh, it is evil; all things are evil. I will go forth and leave the cities of civilization. I will seek in the wilds and solitudes of nature, to wear out the remnant of that life which is stamped with the bane of evil." And forth the pilgrim went; and as he passed upon his way, the burning sun impressed his brain, and kindled up the fires of fever in his veins, so that he sank beneath its baleful influence. Long he lay the subject of wild delirium, shrieking against the terrible sun-god, that had thus struck him down; but when the sweet breath of health once more fanned his lips, he listened to the low tones of kindness around him. He felt the pressure of gentle, sympathetic hands stretching over him; he heard the gentle and tender tones of those who were striving to comfort him; he leaned upon the strong, warm arm of hospitality, and he reposed on the kind bosom of friendship; for the first time his frozen heart was open to the tender ties of sympathy; he found that the tendrils of affection which they had stretched over him, had twined around his own nature, and made it better and truer; and as he passed the threshold of the roof that sheltered him, he fell on his knees and cried, Oh, Sun-God! I thank thee, that in the hour of adversity, that in the pangs of suffering, that in the agonies of pain, I have at last found the glorious bond of human love, human sympathy, and human tenderness. And with that the traveler passed on.

As he passed into the depths of the forest, and into the midst of the plain, he everywhere found the poisonous reptile and the stinging insects around him; and again he murmured and cried, "Is there nothing but evil; shall I still be a subject of these cruel pains; what shall I do to repel the

torture that is forced upon me?" Then he turned to mother Nature, and he found that for every wound there was a balm; for every sting, there was some healthful herb and valuable drug. He gathered up these; he stored his brain full of the wonderful lore of nature's great laboratory, and lo, he began to comprehend his own frame; he spelled out the first rudimental principles of anatomy, and he began to match with these the rudimental principles of medicine. Here first took rise the knowledge of the structure of the human form; the knowledge of the healing art; and he blessed the stinging insect, and the poisonous reptile, that they had opened up to him the comprehension of his own frame; the understanding of the glorious balms; of the hygiene of nature. As he passed on, the storms of winter began to throng around him; the bitter frost and keen knife of the north-west winds pierced his soul and rent his garments. Again the pilgrim murmured, and as he murmured, the thought of shelter suggested itself to him. He removed the forest trees; he piled up loose stones, and built himself a dwelling; and as he looked upon his work, and strove to adorn it, he blessed the storm-king and the cruel knife of the wind that had carved out for him the rudimental principle of architecture. Great Gothic cathedrals, noble temples, far-spreading galleries of art and science, useful dwellings—all began to loom up with prophetic power before his eyes, as he observed the necessity of shelter from the storms of winter, and he cried, "Nature, thou art very good! Only man and animals are cruel to one another."

As the sweet spring came on, and the flowers raised their gorgeous heads to the forest trees, and put on their garments of green, rejoicing, he went forth from his shelter and tossed his arms abroad with joyous energy, and cried, "Oh, welcome health and gladness!" But then he observed that the ancient trees, as they fell to the earth, crushed beneath them many a sweet and innocent flower. "Alas!" he cried, "one thing ever destroys another; it is all evil still. These ancient forest trees perish, and with the crushing fall of their mighty

trunks, they carry the little flower down to destruction." But as he murmured, he heard the whisper of the zephyr rejoicing in the death of the flowers; he saw that every atom was made more refined because they had lived and died; he saw, too, that weeds were thus destroyed; he saw that the free air was permitted to come through the close boughs of the forest; he saw that broad savannas were opened by the death of every forest tree; he saw this destruction was sinking deep into the earth, and impressing itself into the form of mineral treasures; he found that the coal which he had gathered up during his cold and loneliness, was formed of this decaying matter, and he blessed the forest trees because they died, and carried with them the treasures of nature, to harden into useful mineral, and there was no man to do the work so well. He passed on his way, and again he murmured as he beheld the hawk pounce upon the little sparrow, as he beheld the strong beast destroy the smaller one, and the large reptile prey upon the tiny insect. "Alas!" he cried, "still destruction, still destruction!" But now the vision burst upon him of an earth teeming with a population that needed to be destroyed; of an animal creation, growing more and more beautiful, because they preyed upon each other—because they consumed those organic forms that in turn entered into the organization of higher organic forms, thus producing higher species. He saw that, with every insect that perished, the creature that fed upon it became better; the atoms of its body progressed, and as it yielded up its life, the lime and chalk and carbon of its form became better, because it was raised of the lower forms of earth. He found that the forest and the desert were thus cleared of their great superfluous existence, which would otherwise have filled the earth to repletion, and perished for want of nourishment. And at last he was fain to cry out, "Oh, Nature! and nature's God! whatever thou art, thou hast written thy sovereign laws upon matter; thou doest all things well. It is man alone that is in fault. With man alone there is evil. I will go back to the cities of civilization; I will spell out the great problem

of evil ; I will yet comprehend why man alone is rebellious to the great creative laws of wisdom and love." And as he embarked upon the ocean, he beheld the beautiful ship—the noble leviathan of the deep—with all her freight of human souls perishing. He heard their despairing shrieks ; he saw the raging waters close over them, and he listened to the wild pean of the winds singing their requiem, and the deep bellow of the thunder chanting their funeral hymn. He saw the torches of the skies lighting them to destruction, and the mocking billows rise with their feathery heads to heaven. This was the winding sheet of the glorious dead. " Oh, Ocean ! " he cried, " thou fell monster ! Oh, Man ! thou helpless victim ! why, why is this ? " But as he murmured, the ocean became tranquil, the air was stilled, and lo ! upon the waves of atmosphere he saw the ascending forms of the perished dead. He beheld the captain and the mate, the sea-boy and the sailor, and every one of that crowd, and all with their pale, dead faces upturned to the skies. Upward, upward they passed, not into death, but into life. And as they lived, they bore with them the knowledge of their failure and misfortune, and he heard them whispering into the ears of living men, fresh systems of navigation, fresh ideas, fresh methods of maps and charts. He heard them conveying, through the sweet low tones of inspiration, tales of unknown continents. He beheld the dead mariners, the perished victims, risen from the lower deep, sound in the ears of new Columbuses, tales of undiscovered Americas. He saw each one of those who had passed through the dangers of the deep, in which they themselves had perished, by experiment, and by failure, capable of becoming ministers to the living, in whose hands lay the future, and through whose brain and genius yet unborn millions were to march to the conquest of new worlds. " Let the ship perish," he cried ; " let the deep swallow up her victims, since she gives up their spirits purified by their passage, inspired and strengthened by the failure and the suffering through which they have passed."

Now he hails the law of civilization. And here he pauses

before the pale seamstress in her lone garret. He watches her whilst her dim eyes, her weary fingers, and her stooping shoulders, labor over her work. He sees her as she speeds through the twilight gloom with a heavy weight of toil pressing her down. He sees her weeping over the memory of her young days vanished; over the recollection of merry sports, and happy childhood's home, sweet, green fields and flowers, —now all shut out from her heart. He sees on the fair, silken, glistening garments of fashion, her life-blood drop by drop pouring down. He hears the rustle of the green grass over her untimely grave, waving among the flowers which adorn the head of beauty. Oh! he cries, is this justice, that this fair young creature should waste away, and burn out the oil of her life's lamp, to adorn the silken garments of fashion, and then perish, forgotten and unknown? But still he finds that there is a voice from the opening tomb, a whisper from the cold marble halls of death, which tells him of the risen spirit, gloriously bright from all its adversity, radiant from the sufferings it has gone through; as fresh refined gold, coming out of the fire of adversity, even by the crucible of labor, fashioned and purified into splendor by all its sighs, and all the tears it has shed. He beheld her precious tears all there, crystalized into pearls, and bound around her brow. He sees her the ministering angel to the suffering sisters she has left behind; with heart capable of feeling the woes of humanity and of ministering to them, because she herself has been through the crucible of agonizing experience. But how of vice—where stands the criminal? where stands the child of the gutter and the gallows? Why are these simple faces so early impressed with precocious vice? Why are the hands of little children, that should only grasp flowers, taught to steal the fruits, which should only belong to later years? Alas! alas! Why do the dark arms of the gallows rear themselves above every child of vice? Why do I find that the intoxicating steam of the fire-water is the only breath which these sinless creatures are permitted to inhale? Man of murmuring, pilgrim of adversity, go back to the time when the earth was young;

ask thyself why the comet was not the fully-fashioned planet, or why the planet was not the glorious, green earth that it now is? Why the ancient seas teemed with strange, unfashioned monsters? Why great sea-beaches stretched their desert lengths, without any human creature to rejoice upon them? Why those vast, burning mountains were not the green hills of the nineteenth century? Ask thyself why the rose of the prairie was not the rose of the garden? why the daisy, through thousands and thousands of years, has been struggling on the mountain side to grow out of mosses and lichens? Look back to the eternity of the past; consider the eternity of the future, before thou dost presume to judge the fragment of the present. It is in the past and in the future that the causes and effects of the present are to be found. There stands the criminal—an isolated grain of sand, the long history of the past upon him, the long history of the future yet before him. Place thyself beside him, and then pronounce upon him. Until thou dost, he stands before thee as the acorn does to the tree; he stands before thee as the egg does to the eagle; he stands before thee as the ancient earth does to the modern; he stands before thee as the planet of this earth, or the planet Venus, or Mercury, do to the remote planets, Saturn and Uranus, with their many moons, their numerous satellites, and their glorious destiny, as the sun to a solar system, yet looming up before them. It is not in the present that thou canst afford to comprehend the wise, and ever acting God. It is in contemplating his greatness, in recognizing the cause, in tracing out the effect, that man's real destiny is elaborated. It is not in a portion, it is in the immensity of the whole, in viewing the long vistas of being, that thou shalt find that thy God doeth all things well.

There is but one more part of our parable to which we would invite your attention. Pilgrim of the past, thou must behold every art, every science grow out of the Rock of Ages. Thou must perceive, from the buried cities of the East, a spirit of civilization taking wing, and elaborating itself in the future. Thou must perceive, in the past times,

how an unknown man gathered leaves, and the world laughed at him as a fool, as a dunce. Thou must perceive how one of the next generation also gathered leaves, and still the world sneered, and asked him what he would do with them. Thou must observe, in the next generation, leaf-gatherers arose, and they wrote upon the leaves. They found out the art of stereotyping their thoughts upon them. Generation after generation fled by, and still men gathered leaves, and still they wrote upon them; but as thoughts grew larger, leaves were insufficient, and men began to gather the bark. As the thought grew yet larger and larger, and as the imagination of man expanded until it filled the world, every portion of the world asked that it might share in man's thought. Then, instead of gathering leaves, men began to gather rags, and the world laughed at the rag-pickers; but the next generation wove the rags into paper, and the next generation wrote upon it; the next generation grew wise upon the paper, and succeeding generations began to unite, with the paper, wood, and iron, and stone, and brass, and wheels, and bands, and cylinders, and at last formed out of them the printing press; and ye, with the printing press, now gather all minds of all generations in your midst. Ye stand, men of this age, like one gigantic human soul, with a memory extending back to all times, with all its history, and traditions, and records, and happiness, spread out before you; and ye are possessed of all this through the leaf-gatherers, who first learned to stereotype thoughts by experimenting upon leaves.

Turn we from the past, and gaze we at the present, Oh Pilgrim! But still the pilgrim murmurs, and cries, "I paint, and none purchase my painting. I make music, and the world heeds me not. I write books, and none will read them. I have not the stamp of fashion upon me. I pass from door to door, threadbare, and poverty-stricken, and none heed me. Oh, let me perish. Let me perish, or let me pass to my desert once again. I have tasted civilization, and I find it good for every one but myself; I labor in vain." And the man passed from civilization once again to his desert.

It is the last act in his drama of life. Once again there is nothing around him that bears the stamp of life to disturb him. He is glad that he is alone in the far remote solitudes of nature, and as he looks upon the luscious fruits, upon the overhanging trees, upon the glorious flowers, he murmurs, and cries, When the thousands, and the millions in the cities of civilization are starving, why is there this great waste of useful things? Why are these delicious fruits and glorious flowers permitted to exist where there is no man to be benefited by them? The glorious sun went down, and the golden and purple curtains of his midnight couch hung forth resplendent in the sky. Then the pilgrim looked upon the radiant Aurora. He beheld the magnificent banks of golden clouds piled up in splendid panorama, that would have lightened up the soul of an artist to ecstasy, and he cried, Why so much loveliness wasted in the desert, where there are none to look upon it; and as he murmured, he slept; and in the visions of the night he beheld, once more, the great ladder, seen by the transported spirit of the sleeping Patriarch of old. Once again he saw the angel feet of God's ministers passing up and down the ladder. They descended until they reached the earth, and he beheld the faces of long ago, the forms of the buried dead, now grown radiant in angelic loveliness. He saw them watering the earth; he beheld them cultivating the flowers; he perceived that they were everywhere busied in the midst of these solitudes, adorning these beautiful portions of intense and lonely solitude, and he cried, "Is this the only occupation for departed spirits? Is this the only meed of service which they can render to their God; to train flowers where there are none to see, to plant trees where they are none to shelter, to raise fruits where there are none to partake?" As he murmured, he beheld the dim shadows of the future spreading over the plain. First came the strong pioneer with his axe; then came the little log hut, the work of his hands; others flocked unto him. First appeared the rudimental hamlet, then the town, and then the city. And as the congregation of men all flocked to this beautiful paradise, they found all prepared

for them. Flowers, and fruits, and trees, and grass, that for millions of ages had been silent and lonely, were now used for the habitations of men. And as he walked in imagination through the future city, he beheld his own picture on the walls, his own statues in the galleries; heard the chanting of his own music, rejoicing the hearts of future generations; heard the echo of his own phrases inspiring the lips of those who could not read them for themselves; he beheld all the uses of the long buried past flashing up in the glorious light of the future. "God doeth all things well," he cried. "Silence, murmurs, silence, pilgrims of earth; if there be not a God, Atoms, be ye my God. Sun, Stars, Systems, ye have done what I could not; ye have fashioned me; ye shall be my God, if Mind has not done it. At every step of my pilgrimage I trace the action of calculation, order, design. Behind every darkness I perceive the beneficent purpose of a kind and loving thought, which has thus calculated, and thus designed in the elaboration of every earthly thing. I find the design outworked in light, yet more light." Falling on his knees before the viewless spirit, before the immense soul which fills all space—that is to the body of the universe as thy soul is to thee, the pilgrim cried, "Our Father, thou doest all things well."

Spiritualists, Investigators, this is the God of Creation; where he is, thou, Oh fragment! hast but to look around thee to discover. Search him out. Search him through science; search him through the scriptures of his works; rear him in the gospel of his goodness; trace him in the magnificence of his power. Know him in thy knowledge which is power, then shalt thou cry out with the pilgrim of old: "Though I cannot see thee—though I, the fragment, can never know the infinite, I am, Oh God! and therefore thou must be.

LECTURE FOURTH.

SPIRIT—ITS ORIGIN AND DESTINY.

Delivered at Kingsbury Hall, Sunday Evening, Oct. 28, 1860.

[Miss HARDINGE appeared at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock, and spoke as follows:]

TO-NIGHT it is our purpose to consider that magnificent element of being that vitalizes your own existence—the spirit within you. Up to this age, the world's opinions upon this point have been opinions merely. Theories, oftentimes grand and sublime, revelations containing scintillating lights of truth, have been presented to humanity, descriptive of that most glorious essence called soul. The day of speculation has gone by. Living souls take their part in the game of life, proving their opinions in the great conflict of mortal existence, dazzling with their radiant brightness the eyes of human spectators, acting with a force that proves their material existence with all the attributes of human nature, adding ten-fold to the sublime revelations of a higher life. Such beings are now in your midst. The possibility of the existence of spirit, independent of matter, is settled forever; the problem is solved. The great speculation, or field of speculation concerning what the spirit may be, is capable of scientific and demonstrative evidence. We have therefore the rule of fact, we have the testimony of visible, moving witnesses, to establish every statement which we now proceed to make. There are certain preliminary facts which must be borne in mind. We shall no more open up to you the page of speculation, but present to you historical and living evidence of what is spirit.

Again, knowledge is power. The knowledge which ye possess of yourselves will open a vast vista to the inquiring mind concerning the rule you may exercise upon your own destiny. Furthermore, we would advise all who wait upon these utterances this night, that what we shall present to you we do not desire to offer with the freshness of originality, or wonder, or novelty, or for the sake of dazzling your minds. Spiritualism is no more dependent upon its test facts for its existence; Spiritualism no more requires of its exponents a speech—a collection, to prove that a power stronger and mightier than the spirit possessing the brain itself is addressing you. The words which we have to utter now, belong to doctrine; those which we are about to present to you, belong to the doctrine of spiritual knowledge and revelation. Hence we have presented the thoughts, and shall do so again, wherever a field is open for our utterance, throughout the length and breadth of this continent; the principles of Spiritualism, rather than the phenomena, are now demanded. Look not, therefore, either for novelty, for the mere aggregation of flowery words, nor yet for the presentation of a thought that may not have possessed your brain before. What we shall now offer are the results of all those fragments of light which man has hitherto been attempting to combine; those facts which all must learn before they can pretend to classify them; that problem which nothing but these facts can thoroughly elucidate. What is spirit? Whence its origin? What is its destiny? These will be the themes of the night.

In the first place, we find ourselves in the position to answer the great and transcendental problem of the nature and substance of spirit. And thus do we propose to classify. Some two centuries ago, the world believed there was nothing but solid and fluid, besides the imponderable, ethereal, incomprehensible essence, or existence, which they termed spirit. Of its nature, of its substance, none could conceive, beyond its association with that mysterious conception which men term God. Within two hundred years, yet a third element

has been added to matter—gas. Within half a century, a fourth has been discovered—electricity. Solids and fluids are various in their manifestations; gases are not. Very few are known. The imponderable air as yet divides itself into very few, if more than two gases. It is now even questioned whether there be more than two primal forces which resolve themselves into the world of gas, viz., hydrogen and oxygen. Again, we find that electricity is dual in its manifestations; it attracts by attraction and repulsion only. This brings us, then, to the possibility of one great primal. As you cannot dissolve electricity, as there is no evidence that it is a compound, while yet it moves in only two directions, attraction and repulsion, we have the intelligential evidence at least to rest upon, that we can only search for one more element, and find this in the primal element which we term spirit—that which we this day discussed by the name God, which is only found by the manifestation of active power. This we claim to be a substance coëval with matter; this we claim to be the active power, force, substance, which moves, sways and controls matter, and uses electricity as its tool. Spirit acting thus upon matter, has first divided itself into gas, then fluid, and finally solids. Spirit, then, we take to be the primal source of all things. The aggregation, or totality, we call God. The fragments, the details, the atoms of spirit, form the soul of the Alpha and Omega, as worlds, suns, systems, crusts of earth, and grains of sand, form the body of God. I am the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. I am he that was dead, and behold I am alive forevermore. This is the assertion that separates you fragments of spirit from the Alpha and Omega, that is the first and the last; Spirit being the Alpha, the Omega; you, fragments of spirit, are he that liveth and was dead, and behold you shall live forevermore.

We now ask you to follow us, whilst we trace up the first manifestations of spirit in this earth. We must commence once more by reminding you of the division between life and spirit. We observe that life is not spirit. We remark that

man has a structure—a body, a life, and a spirit ; the body is the form of matter ; the life, that electricity which we claim to be the tool that acts upon matter ; spirit, the guiding principle that controls and directs it. There are innumerable phenomenal evidences in your own daily routine, proving the separation of life and spirit. We find that there are times when the spirit acts independent of that which you term life, in the condition called sleep. In visions of the night, your spirit is active ; your consciousness is taking cognizance of scenes far remote from where your body, with its throbbing life, is still in existence. That life is beating and visible in every pulse and through every vein, and yet the spirit is as absolutely separated from it as the consciousness of distant scenes is removed from the place where your body lies. In the state termed Clairvoyance, or clear-seeing, there is no action of will ; there is no thought ; there is no evidence that the life follows the spirit ; yet the spirit is away across the wide ocean ; the spirit is in the depths of the captive's dungeon ; the spirit is in the cloudy regions, far off in space ; it is away among the shining stars, in the land of souls, in that remote realm where nothing of flesh and blood can enter. The spirit is far away, and yet the life is present. And so is the body ; still the silver cord is not loosened ; still the golden bowl is not broken. In the state of catalepsy, or trance, or even in the condition which you term abstraction, when the thought is far away, mingling with the sweet home scenes, the spirit does not act with the body ; still the life is there. The other condition, that of the corpse, the strange, marble state of death, the cold, stony, immovable form that lies so helpless and hopeless before you, is an evidence, not only that the thought is gone, but that the warm, beating, quivering life is absent also. Nevermore, nevermore shall the pitcher broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern, be united to the glorious empire of thought. The uses of the body are ended, and the warm, quivering life has now left forever. We could instance innumerable other illustrations to prove to you that the mysterious flow of life preserves

the body in that condition as the tenement for the spirit, but life itself is not the thought, is not the spirit. We shall, however, proceed to give some other evidences of the diversity of the element of spirit and life, proving the fact that the life has an independent existence, and is one of the attributes of matter. We observe that your psychologists and your astronomers are now ranked with your physiologists in tracing up the history of the manifestation of spirit. We find, since science and religion have united in that great wedding, that the product of each is the spiritual life which we now possess. We find, since science demonstrates religion, and religion is enabled to point to the facts of science to prove herself, that we have a vast array of illustrations, all of which are tending to exalt the name of that mighty Alpha and Omega, who, hitherto, has been placed so remote from his works. Tracing this up by such lights as fragmentary science can afford, we find there was a time when this old earth possessed the two great elements of body and life of which we have spoken, but manifesting no other evidence of spirit but such as the Divine impressed upon it by his laws. At this period of the earth's history, we are told by geology that there could be no life; there could be no spirit—none of those organic forms that are capable of manifesting spirit. We take the testimony of the ancient rocks; we open up the monumental pages of the great stone-book, and there, written in hieroglyphics by the finger of the Almighty himself, do we find that there was a time, thousands and thousands of years away in the remote past, when certain forms of rocks, known as the primary or Azoic rocks, did not embrace the element called carbon. We find, therefore, in order to account for the presence of this carbon in later formations, that we must believe it was disseminated in vast masses through the atmosphere; in such vast accumulations that no creature, requiring the element of atmosphere to sustain its life, could then have inhabited the earth. In testimony to this fact, we search in vain for organic remains in these ancient rocks; none are to be found. We have here then the standing evi-

dence that whilst life everywhere prevails, spirit was not. The only thought we can trace in the grand sea of forms that are everywhere present around us, is the action of the great Spirit, the silent working of those viewless ministers, whom we suppose to be the agents, impressing his eternal thoughts upon matter. There must have been vast convulsions in the ancient seas, by which huge continents were upheaved from the bosom of the deep. There must have been the sweep of vast tempests, the bellowing of mighty winds; there must have been the crash of the volcano, and the thunder of the falling rocks. The wild, tempestuous career of the elements were the only voices that hoarsely told that the Master's bidding was being done. In the midst of these mighty changes, trembling, shrinking fragments of spirit could have had no existence. Vast rocks upheaved their desolate heads to the murky sky; the red flame leaping from the mouth of burning chambers of the fire-king, and the terrible thunder of raging winds, falling rocks and seething waters, were the only sounds that broke the awful stillness of that vast and desolate sea. At last the earth had a period when we find the marks of creeping things; when we perceive upon the ancient rocks traces of creatures capable of volition, of passing from one place to another. From the very moment when we find the forms of life capable of leaving the place where God had planted them, and of governing their motion by their own will, do we find the fragments of a spiritual existence.

We know the world is accustomed to sneer at what is called the development theory. We are not advocating it this night. We do not enter into the fragments or details of this science, because the world's sneer and mocking laugh are so very loud that they drown the low, still voice of the Infinite One, speaking from out of the ground like a familiar spirit—a spirit so near and dear to human sense, that at last its appeal is heard. To-night, until the whirlwind of passion and tempest of scientific jargon are passed by, we are contented to have our God's works in lieu of man's word, and again tell you that we find that the first forms thus manifested

upon the ancient rocks were ever the most simple. Permit us now to give you some fragmentary view of the action of the Almighty in matter, as preparatory to the forms which afterwards reared themselves up into the noble structure of manhood. We find that the first forms of life, then, were very simple. We find that the first aggregation of matter was a mere gelatinous mass—sea-monsters, very little more than accumulations of that matter that first appeared in the transition state between the fluid and the solid. We next trace up these forms to a little higher perfection, and then we begin to discover the rudiments of four primary forms that are now perfected in man. These are the heart, the brain, the spine and the lungs. Gradually we find each of these four great centres of being becoming more and more elaborate, until at last the spinal cord stretches out into a long, continuous string, and finally assumes the vertebrated condition. The spine of the radiata gradually expands and hardens until it forms a kind of column, then the final termination of this spinal cord begins to manifest the rudiments of a brain, very small and very insufficient,—nothing but a mere gelatinous mass at first, but gradually enlarging, and becoming more conspicuous. Then we begin to perceive the centre from which flows out the warmth of vitality—the heart. At first it is but a mere speck—a mere central point; gradually it begins to harden and band together, until at last it assumes the form of a solid long point. Then we begin to notice there is an apparatus for inhaling the atmosphere. You smile when you hear of atmosphere in the ancient seas. But know that in every drop of water, that oxygen which you now breathe is held in solution. The ancient seas were as full of oxygen as the sea is now, and the apparatus by which the most perfect leviathan of the deep is enabled to sustain its life, is so contrived as to breathe the atmosphere of oxygen gas held in solution in the water. These, then, are the four points around which the rudiments of form began to spring and gather. Gradually we find these elaborating until at last they assume a perfectness that enables the mon-

ster to leave the deep and pass his existence partly on the dry land, or that condition which at first appeared. Then forms assume the nature, first of the amphibious beast, and then of the reptile. Gradually, as the wild winds sweep over the vast masses of heaving billows, as continents are upheaved, and the sun struggles through the murky atmosphere, we find that the dry land increases; vegetation begins to manifest itself, and with it creatures capable of subsisting upon land by vegetation. Then the forms become more complex and beautiful, their atoms more perfect; they leave the condition of fluid life, fish, and assume the more solid form of bird, beast and insect. With every step in the ascending scale of being, these forms become more and more beautiful and more and more perfect—become the manifestation of thought. But we shall not pause in tracing up form until we have arrived at the last and most noble tenement, for which the Creator during untold ages has been preparing. Were you to go into the anatomical museums, even to pass through the museums of natural history, and spell out there the skeletons of ancient monsters, trace up there the ever-progressing rudiments of which we have spoken, as manifested in forms of fish, bird, insect and beast, how strange would appear the caricatures of humanity which everywhere presented themselves! How wonderful would appear the struggle which nature has everywhere manifested to perfect form! How magnificent would it appear were you to step into her laboratory, and perceive with what care she has at once shot out the thousand arms of the radiated animal, and then compressed them until they formed the heavy paws of ancient monsters! How she has gradually narrowed down and hardened the strange excrescences that appear upon the ancient fish, until she fashions the full and perfect form of the lords of the desert, and the inhabitants of caves and forests! How gradually the ancient monsters became extinct, and the atoms of organic animal life gave place to more perfected forms, until at last, from the mere caricatures of manhood, the beautiful and the perfect apex himself appears

upon the stage of creation! The spine no more runs laterally with the ground,—the sun supplying the brain by the spine. The head is now erect, and supplies the spine; the brain drinks in direct the solar ray itself, and from it, like a great captain giving orders, and sending out to his legions each its separate place in creation, this brain supplies the rest of the body. The noble column is now erect; that spinal cord which was once but a mere string, has grown into a splendid column, around which is grouped all the wonderful machinery of man, crowned by the great apex of brain, containing the divine spark of thought. The heart, too, has now become perfected, and performs its wonderful functions—the vital circulation of which we spoke to you to-day. A great galvanic apparatus is now planted in the lungs—no more the imperfect gills of the fish, no more the strange and rudimental apparatus which we find in so many animals; but the most perfect of all the galvanic batteries for elaborating the atmosphere that ever the mind of man could conceive of; not fashioned by man's ingenuity, for all that man has done, is but the imitation of what his God has modeled before him. The most perfect system of mechanics in all the hinges and levers of joint, and muscle, and bone, forms the moving structure of the whole system. The most marvellous arrangement of hydrostatics appears in the movements of all the fluids that permeate the body. Here is the perfected brain, the perfected heart, the perfected spine, and the perfected lung. This is the last great work of creation, and here form ends. All the various endeavors of nature to fashion creatures that were capable of using the element of matter to supply their own wants, are finished in the exquisite structure of the hand. All the most perfect powers of locomotion are combined and finished in the limbs and feet. In a word, whatever nature has been aiming at, all she has struggled for, all that for millions of years she has experimented with, in the laboratory of matter and form, she has at last completed in the magnificent structure of man. Here form ends.

Your chemists tell you that there is within you the elements of lime, chalk, phosphorus, and various other substances, some of which they term primaries. They tell you that the same elements are found in the rocks, where ancient monsters have deposited their remains; and your chemists tell you that all the primaries of the decomposing forms of men, and of animals, are the same. They have used in medicine these various primaries, but not with the same effect. One of the observations of the nineteenth century—one of the daring speculations, the result of which has been to prove the position that we are about to take, has been this: That the decomposing form of man gives forth a progressive matter gives forth primaries as much progressed as the rose of the garden is progressed beyond the rose of the prairie. Aye, is it so. Then, with every new stratum, and every new species, with all the various contrivances of nature to elaborate higher and yet higher forms, we find that nature has been manipulating her atoms until at last she has succeeded in perfecting the very grain of dust, of which the lowest forms of animals are composed, into the magnificent being called Man. When was man capable of assuming this sovereign place in creation? Not until nature had gone through with her long series of experiments; not until, by the elaboration of ages of change, the atoms of matter had come up to the point to form his most beautiful, his most perfect structure. Thus much of form. A word now of spirit.

Man stands, as we have claimed, the last, the ultimate, the perfection of forms. What is in spirit? We may divide the manifestations of his spirit into five separate portions. First we have the sensuous; then the affectional; then the moral; then the intellectual; and finally the spiritual. The life of man manifests all these different varieties of capacity. We perceive in the body the first element, that is the sensuous. It has atoms to supply itself with aliment. Then comes the affectional, that discriminates between those who surround it. Then comes the moral, which in the child takes note of the rights of others, and manifests all the capacity to

discriminate between self-justice, and justice to others. Then comes the intellectual, the craving after arts and sciences, and employment in the elements of matter, employment in governing and controlling the forces of nature, the reproducing of forms by invention, and going forth to discover other arts and sciences. And finally comes the spiritual, the tendency to worship, the longing after the unknown, the restless prying into the dim mysteries of the future, and the vast realm of speculation drawn from the wondrous past; the question, whence do I come, and whither am I bound. In man, we perceive the concentration of all these possibilities—all these elements, and we call the aggregation, mind. We look in vain for them in the lower kingdoms of animal life. Oh, Man! what part of thy brain—that grasping, soaring mind, which thou dost locate in thy brain—what faculty is there, which nature, with equal care for spirit as for form, has not prepared in the lower animals before thee? Where do you find in one single plane of animal existence that there is an absence of that you term the sensuous instinct; the absence of that discrimination which enables every creature, from the ancient sea-monster to the soaring eagle, to discriminate among the forms of nature, and supply itself with the aliment most suitable to its being? Where do we find that any portion of nature, even among the lowest and strangest of the old monsters, were destitute of the faculty of prevision; were destitute of the faculty to calculate chances, and not only to acquire the food necessary to sustain them, but to calculate and provide for the morrow—to heap little stores against the storm—to prepare for the coming winter—to anticipate the joyous spring—to revel in the golden summer, and the bounteous autumn—to count, to calculate, to forecast for the winter? Where do we find that the lowest manifestations of animal life in nature are destitute of the capacity to discriminate among earths, seas, rocks, vegetables, and all the various forms where it makes its habitation, and upon which it sustains life? We find the affectional capacity developed in the animal world. Where do we find

a single creature that ever existed, but what manifests love for its kind? They are gregarious, and associate together in tribes and species, manifesting affection for one another. The love of offspring, the organ of philoprogenitiveness, as you call it in humanity, is as innate and as essential to the lowest forms of life as it is to yourselves. The love of offspring indeed is so closely developed in all the forms of animal life, that man might well take pattern from the beasts of the field, and find in the character of bird, and fish, and insect, no less than in the lords of the forest, how the Almighty has associated by the sweet ties of affection every creature, however uncouth or grotesque, one with another, chaining up in the magnificent links of harmony, the lowest forms to the highest creations of the angelic worlds. We find, again, the moral qualities are not deficient in the animal. It is not alone his creatures, that we perceive, day by day, on the prairies, in the plain, and in the forests, that have law and power among themselves. It is not alone the hunted buffalo—it is not alone the crow and the rook that assemble in companies with one another, and rule and reign by laws clearly established among themselves. It is not alone in the colonies of the uncouth and loathsome rat that we perceive that there is government, order, systems of communication, but it is even in the ancient monsters; in their history, we trace how every creature had its limits; how all dwelt together; how, in peace and harmony, tribes of the same kind inhabited certain portions of land, air, or water. In every thing that lives, there are these signs of morality—this justice to one another developed.

There are but two elements, Oh, Man! which you possess, which we shall search for further, and these are intellect and spirituality. Oh, there is another intellect. What enables the swallow and the martin to steer their way across the pathless wastes and the illimitable fields of atmosphere? No mariner's compass is theirs; no north, no south, no east, no west, save what is marked upon their little brain; yet they are enabled, with each changing season, to calculate the approach of winter, to tell with prophetic power the

exact length of time they must occupy, and when to depart, in order to reach the burning South in time to escape the severity of winter. Then, without chart, or pilot, or system of navigation, they speed their unerring way through unknown leagues of space, where your mariners, and your navigators have, through long years of painful experiment, failed to find their way. Oh, is there no intellect in the wondrous instinct of the muskrat,—that instinct which teaches it to build its singular habitation in the centre of the piece of water, protecting it from the cruel and destructive propensity of its great enemy, man? Is there no intellect in the little bird that builds with such curious variety of materials its nest, that adorns it with such neatness, that selects the materials with such care? Intellect! we cannot look upon one single form that God has fashioned, but there is some fragment of intellect, from the architectural beaver to the engineer mole, from the mathematical ant, and geometrical bee, to the generalissimo buffalo and the navigator martin, up to those hunting dogs that you train to do your bidding, and claim that you can educate them, and therefore that instinct may be improved into that which you term thought and reason. Memory they have; affection they have, and hatred they have. Affection and hatred are the results of memory. Prophecy and forecast they have; love and sensuality. What remains but spirituality?

What is spirituality? Worship, worship of God, hope for future benefits, gratitude for past blessings, adoration for a power stronger than itself, fear of what may be the result of that power, hope for what may be its benefits. This is the secret of spirituality, prying into the future, and calculation of the past. Every element goes to make up that which you call spirituality. We have seen a poor dog—a strange creature, uncouth in form, not susceptible of any of the graces which you can impart, by education, to your petted favorites—we have seen such a creature as this, with loving, wistful eyes, gazing up into the face of the master, going out day by day to do his bidding, gathering up his sheep, and

discriminating amidst strange ones, and one from another, keeping them in flocks, leading them home, and then, his toils completed, lying at the feet of his protector, and lovingly, tenderly, worshipfully gazing up into his face, contented if a single kind word or even kind glance rewarded his unselfish, patient labor. We have seen the dews of death descend upon the master; we have heard the clock of destiny strike, and the dial-plate of time point to the last hour of his mortal existence; then they laid him in the grave, and the artist who celebrated his life with a pictorial representation of the little green mound that covered the last, long tenement of earth, celebrated as well his chief mourner, his only one. By the side of the green mound lay the rough, shaggy companion of his life. Day by day strangers brought him the crust that sustained that poor, wasting life. At last, man, worshipping man, spiritual man, grateful, kind, noble man, forgot him. The snows of winter came fast and thick, but when they melted beneath the breath of spring, the gaunt form of the dead hound was found—a martyr to his worship. On the altar of the dead master's love, he had offered up a worship as pure and as strong as martyr ever offered to his God. Follow through, ye naturalists, the history and the possibilities of all the lower forms of animal life, and you will find that if you treat them kindly, and educate them well, and culture them carefully, and plant in their rough and uncouth forms the seeds of improvement, there is not a creature that may not attain to the topmost round of your splendid intellectuality, of your noble mind; spirituality, the worship of a being higher than yourself, the fear of his unkindness, and the hope of his kindness; gratitude for the past, and hope for the future.

Thus, Oh, Man! do we find that, as the Almighty Author has prepared the form, the elements of matter, carefully, until at last they were complete in thy grand system of mechanism, so in all the fragments of thought that are manifested in the different forms of animal life, he has everywhere prepared the elements of spirit. Aye, of spirit. We know no

line between instinct and spirit. Instinct! what is it? Is it memory? Is it prophecy? Is it the manifestation of intellect? Is it mathematics or geometry? If it be in all these things, then, do animals not possess them? And if reason be any higher, where will you find it, if not in them? There is one difference that we will not fail to mark; and here it is that we find how the destiny of man becomes triumphant over all lower forms, and how he is clearly found to grasp the reins of sovereignty, and chain them all within his own power. It is this: what the animal form can do in detail, man possesses in full; what the animal thought has in fragments, man possesses in his totality. Man cannot engineer with his hand, as does the mole, but man, by his mighty spirit, is enabled to combine the little atoms of gunpowder and cause them to break a way for him into the heart of the mightiest mountain. Man, although he cannot float on the huge billows, like the leviathan of the deep, can call forth from its rocky bed a metallic structure, and sink farther and deeper than ever fish or leviathan sank. Man, if he cannot scale the mountain side, like a soaring eagle, can build himself a great iron horse, that will do it for him, flying over the mountain top with greater speed than ever eagle's mighty pinions bore him. Thus can man knit up all the fragments of thought that God has prepared, and stand a demi-god, with all the forms of earth committed to his vice-regal charge.

This is spirit; this is where it came from. Again and again we have told the same story, and must tell it, until you know, and estimate yourselves for what you are. Thou art indeed the flower of earthly existence. Where will you limit its boundless range? No dungeons can hem it in. Fetter down the body with chains, and bars, and racks, and the free spirit will soar away to the stars. Place it in the Carolina rice field, with the toiling slave, and the poor and helpless captive shall be far away, in the dear cabin of home, rejoicing in the precious presence of father and mother, and sporting once more by the murmuring brook-side, with the playmates of youth. You cannot burn it; as the leaping

flame is consuming the form of the martyr, his spirit shall be chanting hallelujahs to his God. You cannot drown it; you may sink it deeper than ever plummet sounded, and the soaring spirit shall stand beside the navigator, and whilst they are searching for the lifeless remains of the broken tenement of clay, inspiring him to make fresh charts, and maps, and new systems of navigation. You may take him up to the block and the axe; you may drag him to the scaffold, and strangle him on the gallows; but the free spirit shall mock you with its unquenchable life—life eternal. You may force it to its knees, and bid it deny the great truths of science; you may compel it to lie, in the face of rolling worlds; you may wring from it a denial of that glorious law of gravitation, binding and harmonizing the solar system, which came down in the full tide of inspiration to the brain of a Galileo; but he shall spring up from the attitude of the crouching slave, and shout, with the full force of his soaring spirit, "And still it moves!" This is spirit triumphant over all fetters, breaking through all bounds, mighty as the winds, stronger than death, endless as eternity, and powerful as that God from whence it came. Can you limit it? Oh! trace back the history of the ages, and there do you find that one step after another of knowledge has been but the threshold of some great door into which the spirit has entered, until at last every element has yielded up its power, and man is lord of the lightning, and lord of the thunder; he is enabled to mimic it, and to fashion it out of a little copper and zinc. He is king of the water; he calls it up like his obedient slave, and harnesses it to the car, and makes it bear him with lightning speed from pole to pole. He is lord of earth, and all forms of matter are yielding up the secret of their composition and decomposition to the prying eye of the chemist. Talk of the arts and sciences. What are these? Nothing but the thoughts of God; nothing but the ideas burning and blazing in the great centre of mind that he has planted in the spirit of man, here cumbered with the soil of matter, and entombed in earth, but to blossom into

spirit life, and to possess, one after another, as his form shall be able to manifest them, more and more of the attributes of the divine nature. Aye, spirit we take to be the divine spark, sown in the soil of matter. It is sown as are the seeds and roots by which your earth is clothed with the fair and beautiful flora, and all vegetable forms. As soon as your spirit becomes perfected in the darkness of earth; as soon as it has gone through the rudimental, embryonic stages of formation, lo! it breaks through the crust of earth, and blossoms in the realm of a better and higher land—blossoms in the hereafter. But mark, the blossom does not leave the root. The flower, the fruit, the seed, the root, the reproduction of ten thousand seeds, are all connected with the earthly root. Forever, forever, this earth shall keep its place; one generation passeth away, another generation cometh, but the earth remaineth forever. And so does the root from which the spirit sprung, remain connected forever with the rudimental plane where first it commenced its life. You may talk of the spirit being gone, the spirit being fled, or of spirit sleeping in the ground. First, ye have to chain the spirit; first, ye have to detain it in the ground; and next, ye have to show that there is any point in God's creation, however low, that is not attached, by endless links of harmony, to the heart of the Creator himself. Take a note of music, the sound of a human voice as it peals through the arches of space. You say it is lost. Lost! it is never lost. Now it beats upon your atmosphere; the waves of air above it are stirred, away, away; higher, higher, and yet higher; and every pulsation and vibration of the atmosphere conveys the same movement through endless realms of space; it ascends to the stars; it forms a part of the atmosphere; it encloses other worlds, and still that vibration is felt forever, forever. It travels onwards; it may sublimate itself to the finest possible point; it may be, to you, lost in eternity; but in eternity, the sound of that voice will be found vibrating forever. And so with every atom; its identity is known, its destiny marked; it aggregates itself to its fellow atom; it is elaborated in flower,

or tree, or the form of man ; but whatever it is, it holds its place in relation to other atoms ; and these again are grasped by the eternal chains of harmony, that are suspended in space from ten thousand rushing worlds.

A few words concerning the destiny of spirit. You all believe that it lives forever. There are very few among you who can limit your narrow and finite gaze to the mere realm of matter. There is something so superb in the form of the living man ; there is something so utterly waste and void in the form of the dead ; there is such a wondrous change, without the loss of a single particle that you can weigh, that you can grasp or feel ; a change so mighty—a monarch so great, overgrown—a shipbuilder, with all his faculty to construct great leviathans, himself wrecked, forever wrecked—a mother, no more a mother—a kind, pious father, toiling and slaving for the beings dependent upon him, lying cold, stony, helpless, motionless, while all are shrieking around ;—there is something so powerful, so tremendous, in the awful view of the form from which the spirit has passed, that man has marked terror upon it—terror, because he is in ignorance of what change means. Every creature acknowledges that it is the absence of the spirit. The spirit, then, was the organism ; the spirit was the power ; the spirit was the spring, the reason, and the guide of the man. We have heard the materialist declare that man was but a machine, which only subsisted so long as you placed the fire, the wood, the stone, the water, and the wheels in proximity one with another ; destroy the machine, says the materialist, and you destroy the power. Oh, Materialist ! you do not touch it. The machine is but the expression of the power ; the machine is but the outward effect of the power, while the power is indestructible. The fire will blaze, and the heat will circle around you ; you cannot put it out of existence, though you break up ten thousand machines. The elements of being are there forever. The form is only the vehicle for their expression ; the real power is within. And so with the form of humanity ; this is not the power, this is the outward expres-

sion. You must therefore concede that, with all your power, you wonderful beings; quick, trading men of commerce; you men of change and traffic; you rulers, governors, legislators, princes of trade, and princes of men—with all your wonderful power to gauge the heavens, and measure the stars, and gather up the secrets of nature, and drag into light, one after another, the mysteries of the alembic, by which nature's occult processes are effected, are nothing more than spirits entombed for a brief period in a form of clay—a form given you as a mode—a form designed for merely utilitarian purposes, to enable the spirit to grow—a form which serves the same purpose to the grain of wheat and the little acorn, that it serves unto you. As the earth is necessary for their existence, so is the clay necessary for the elaboration of your spirit; the grain of wheat, and the acorn, and the root, exist before the earth comes in contact with them. The oak may never spring forth from the acorn until the acorn has sustained it with soil; but the acorn exists, and is as definite as though the earth never had been. And so of the grain of wheat; the waving field of corn may never testify to the power of prolific nature to unfold from a single grain, the vast field; but that grain, with all its powers and all its possibilities, exists, whether there be an earth to plant it in, or not. And so of your spirit; it has its origin, it has its eternity behind, it has its Divine Author, from whom it becomes separate in the forms of matter so fit for its reception; but when you claim that earth gave it birth, when you claim that matter was its author, that the atoms and grains were its parent, you claim that the earth found the acorn, and created the grain of corn. For your destiny, then, ask only what your spirit has become, and what it is fit for; ask what it is now, builder, operative, merchant, sinner, saint—whatsoever the capacities be that your God has permitted you to unfold in the mold of matter, such will be your state in the hereafter, in the state to which you must go. You cannot, if you would, annihilate yourselves. Somewhere you must live; somewhere that quenchless spark must find its location;

somewhere you must light up the caverns of a world lighted by spirit ; for there is no light until spirit gleams through the darkness of matter.

It only remains for us to advert to one great teaching of Spiritualism ; and in this we find the real destiny of form, of matter and of man. This is progression. Wherever we turn, we find that matter has been struggling to develop organic life ; wherever we consider organic life, we find that nature has been struggling to develop man. The question will arise, may there not be some higher form than man ? May not something grander and more perfect than man, possess the earth—beings, of which man is but the rudiment ? Aye, this might be so, if we did not find in spirit the next link in the order of nature. There is no link wanting. Everywhere that we look, we find order ; each species taking its place next to the species higher than itself. Tracing creation downward, we find no link is wanting ; if we trace it upward, we may look for the same eternal chain of harmony. Once more we remind you, that every round of the angel ladder must be filled—filled with living, breathing beings. What is the next link to man, or do we wait for another ? What is that that stands beside the decaying corpse with the very first moment of the extinction of life ? One instant ye live—live a clay man ; live a moral being—the next instant that form, and its uses, are ended. What stands beside it ? For one moment at least, Oh, ye religionists, who claim that spirits cannot subsist in this earthly atmosphere—for one moment, at least, the spirit must be in the chamber of death. The spirit must exist, if it exist out of the form and reality, it must live by the side of the tenement from which it has escaped. There is the next link, and this it is that assures us that man is the last of form—that man is the object and purpose of this creation, and that with his being, all the end and aim of matter and its various combinations are complete ; that it is to give birth to spirit, that all the worlds of matter, all the aggregations of atoms which you see dancing and whirling around you, are but tending to the same point,

when the divine individuality of God reproduces itself in the ten thousand million individualities of God's creatures. This being the object of creation, trace up your destiny, trace it up through the eternal round of progress; trace it up to the better world.

Oh, man of crime, and man of sorrow! it is a better world; to the criminal it is better, because by the very suffering which eats into his conscious spirit, by the very torment which he carries within him; as sure as his kingdom of heaven might have been there, he becomes wise; he drinks the lessons of suffering; he receives the stripes of adversity; every blow that he takes, is the hammer that wields the iron into shape, and purifies the refined gold. It is a better world for the sorrowing. There is no hunger there; no thirst; no cold; no struggle for bread. All the selfish wants of the body are gone. All the sensual appetites that needed to be fed, that compelled toil, and conflict, and cramped its existence by the hard grasp of labor, and crime, are ended. All is over now. Here the happy spirit looks out with radiant, rejoicing eyes—poor eyes that have wept torrents of tears—heaving bosom that has spent itself in sighs. All is over now. The glorious clairvoyance of unbounded space, the great mysteries of nature, and all the arcana of creation, are laid open to the view of the spirit. That vision which has hitherto been hedged in by mortal eyes is now unclouded. Sciences, the fragments of which were gained by long toil on earth, now become the elaborated and complete wisdom of the spirit. Intellect, which crowned you here like a wreath, blossoms in spirit land; for the cause and the effect are all before you. But it is a better world for the saint and the sufferer. The sharp stones and thorns which have pierced their bleeding feet as they trod over the rough way of life; the sorrows of those who clung to their garments, when the hands were powerless to alleviate—all this is over now. There is no distance between God's saints and his suffering children; but they are now ministering spirits, standing on the pinnacle of wisdom, where they read the

past, present, and future; where they see the benefits of adversity, and comprehend its necessity; where they can understand how the wise Father schools and disciplines his children through these very means. It is not a sorrowing life for them to tread side by side with you the stony paths of earth, helping their fellow creatures to rise. There are some who tell you of a selfish heaven, where the mother shall quit her helpless orphans; where the father shall no more be struck with grief and anguish, by the sight of the prodigal son; where the kind and the generous shall no more have drops of blood wrung from their sympathetic hearts, by the sight of woe which they cannot relieve. There is no such heaven for the spirit of man. Heaven is the heaven of good; heaven is the place where the strong hand, now unbound from the mask of clay, is bold to stretch itself out to help the fallen and raise the suffering. It is no sorrow for them to gaze into the faces of the pilgrims who are treading the same path they trod; for this is a school, the wisdom, the uses, and purposes of which they comprehend. There is no sorrow there. The destiny of the spirit is eternal progress. Stand upon the highest point to which your imagination can climb, amid all the glories of sunlit skies, and rainbow arches, pointing up to higher and yet higher worlds of light and splendor; and doth not thy spirit aspire to it all? You can aspire to nothing of which you have not conceived, and where did you find it except in imagination? The materialist, who talks of annihilation, says it is the mere figment of your brain, the aspiration of your thought, stretching away up into the imaginary heavens. But for every aspiration there is a reality; every wish is but a prophecy of what shall be, and the highest aspiration of which thou canst conceive will soon be realized and passed in the ages of eternal progression.

Man, that is what thy spirit is; take heed of its destiny, observe its origin; know that knowledge is power; as thou dost know thyself, so wilt thou die as the wise and virtuous Socrates died. As thy spirit is immortal, as it is destined

to tread the everlasting courts of all eternity, so it is worthy of all the culture thou canst give it here.

We may not press further upon your attention the various gates of possibility that here unfold to the spirit whilst encased in form. We may not further tax your patience this night. What we have presented to you as the view of the origin and destiny of the soul, is not new to most of you. The records of witnesses enable us, step by step, to demonstrate the progress of the spirit, from matter up to the point where it stands, freed by the death angel, in the better world. We have abundant evidence in the various sciences and discoveries of modern times ; that you may trace up its future destiny, that you may know all its radiant worlds, comprehend the glorious brilliancy of its dazzling courts and sunlit skies, the revelations of the spirit circle proclaim. When next we address you, our thought will speak of a solemn and terrible word—Death ; but our thought will only be solemn or terrible in the word. Our thought shall soar above man's interpretation, to give the interpretation of God and nature. It is well that you should know by what hands your spirit is freed from this mortal coil ; it is well that you should know the meaning of that which you term death ; it is well that you should know, in connection with it, what is meant by sin. This will be the subject of our next address in this place.

[Miss Hardinge then stated, that instead of replying to questions that evening, as had been proposed, she would call the attention of the audience to a notice of a Kansas relief concert, which she read, following it with a few remarks commendatory of the enterprise.]

LECTURE FIFTH.

SIN AND DEATH.

Delivered at Kingsbury Hall, Sunday Morning, Nov. 4, 1860.

[Miss HARDINGE appeared at the usual hour, a quarter before eleven o'clock, and proceeded:]

“The wages of sin is death.”

WHEN we look over the whole mass of prose and poetry, literature, termed, for distinction's sake, sacred and profane, nowhere do we find embodied in human phrase, an explanation of those two tremendous problems that vex the world—sin and death—except in these remarkable words. Death, in this great thinking, analytical age—death, in this age when all the elements are giving up their mysteries to the conquering hand of wisdom—death, is the last enemy to be vanquished. Death is the great problem, the mighty veil, the huge shadow of terror, which has hung over the earth; which, up to this day, appears to have achieved conquest and wielded dominion over humanity, which no science, no learning, can either comprehend or diminish. If ye will consider the abhorrence with which the world views sin, ye will find that side by side with this awful problem, death, sin takes rank. There is not one of ye this day that is exempt from the hideous influence of this great triumphant conqueror, death. There has never been a time when all that is bright, and beautiful, and hopeful, and glad, has not met the cold, dark shadow of death. All your philosophy fails, all your stoicism is set at naught, when the beautiful and the loved lie before you in the marble stillness, the hideous, icy chains of death. When

your little child lies dead before you, farewell philosophy. You may bid the aspiring young man go forth to foreign lands, satisfied that your dim eyes will never more look upon him ; you may part with that fair young bride, and see her embark for the unknown shore of some distant land, feeling that you will never more clasp that fond, warm heart to your bosom ;—you can bear all this, but to see the young, and strong, and beautiful, stricken down before you—no voice—no breath—no smile of tenderness and hope—to speak to that being whom you ever loved and tended, and receive no answer—to shriek their names to the hills until every valley echoes the torturing cry, and yet hear only the mocking response of your own voice—this is death. Dead ! dead ! Oh ! who has ever echoed that dreadful word, and yet cried, “ My God, thy will, not mine, be done ? ” When you see the bursting heart, the eye drowned in tears, the bosom heaving with sighs, and the voice choked with grief, the words of meekness and resignation fall powerless from your lips. Yes, death and sin are equally terrible. You all hate them. Sin is ever hateful. It matters not where it is, nor how it is done, there are but two classes of human beings in whom you tolerate it : either the strong, who fight their way with brute force into your toleration, or the rich, who can buy impunity from your judgment. As to every other class, sin appears so hateful to you, that you strangle it on the gallows, immure it in dungeons, scourge it, tread it beneath your feet. You push the Magdalene into the gutter ; you shut your doors to the plunderer. You cannot stop to pause upon it ; it is enough that they broke up, with their discord, the settled harmony of nature or society. Ye stone them, if not with the cruel law of Moses, at least ye stone them with a moral persecution of hard, stony hearts. This is the light in which death and sin are regarded. Pass over the different epochs in the world’s history and you will find that they everywhere stand the same mysterious, unconquerable objects of human hate. To live is the great good ; to die is the last great ill that can befall humanity. How to stave off death, how to

preserve life, is the great end and aim of human existence. How to crush out sin, how to drive it from your presence, is the next great aim.

Is it not time that these two problems should be solved? You may talk of living well; you never will succeed—you never can hope to conquer any of the inharmonies that exist in art, in science, in social relations, or in political institutions, until you know of the inharmonies. We pronounce these to be sin and death. You never will know how to understand and master sin until you know what death is. Ye never can make true men and women until ye know what sin is. Neither do we find in any of the systems of the transcendentalists or physiologists, men of science, or men of mind, who appeared before the sentence which we have taken was written—not in the writings or thoughts of any human being do we find an attempt to couple these two problems together, and make the one solve the other. What has death to do with sin? is the cry. Who among ye can say what death is, or what sin is? We believe that one will solve the other. We find that in sin is the cause of suffering; that suffering is at the root of evil and death. We know of no condition which can be denominated suffering which does not proceed from sin. We know of no sorrow but what is curable or susceptible of relief, save that which you term death. So we consider the solution of these two problems will annihilate what you term suffering, and the solution will be found by regarding each in connection with the other.

Here we shall then stop, and rest upon our proposition: that the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. In order to solve this problem, we must proceed to analyze these two propositions; to consider fairly all the reasons we are possessed of—all the evidence which human institutions can offer, as to what is sin. We shall find that death will come under the category of the same intelligence. We start with this proposition: sin, imperfection—not limited to the simple inference, firmly entering into every form of human existence—imperfection is the result of perfection.

Imperfection, or the finite, is the child of perfection and the infinite. And thus do we propose to resolve them. We find that there is a standard existing in man which clearly maps out the existence of all lower forms beneath man. It has frequently been asserted that man is the microcosm of all things; and this assertion is perfectly true. We shall take the life of man, therefore, of all things in which sin forms a necessary part. Thus we perceive that in the existence of man there is a period of rudimental growth, termed infancy; a period of strength and vigor, a culmination of every individual's existence, termed manhood; and from this period there is a gradual decadence to the state termed extreme old age, with its sequence of death. Whether we consider the systems of worlds around this globe, or the constitution of things in which man lives, we find that this life of man represents the course of existence in all things. We observe in the ten thousand eyes of God, sparkling in the midnight sky, that we may trace up the infancy of worlds, may follow them through their vigor and manhood, and their gradual transition into old age, which elaborates them into other states and forms. We have remarked, again and again, the hand of God, visible in the magnificent spectacle presented by that unconsolidated vapor, drifting through the heavens, which we term a comet. Here we perceive the elements of nature gradually aggregating themselves together in the infancy of a new world. We trace up the babyhood of this wonderful existence, and we find it a nebulous star. We then point to it as to a Mercury or Venus, the youngest-born of the Sun. We then find it in the condition of your earth, a consolidated world, with all its lives and existences of joy and sorrow. From this condition we trace it to that larger growth — that vigor and planetary manhood which we find in those great globes rolling on the outer edge of the solar system — worlds surrounded with great belts. Passing on, we find it in old age, when these belts burst asunder, and roll in satellites around the parent mass. We descend to the earth, and find that this same system of progress and succession permeates

the entire circle of visible forms. We trace the period of the infancy of the rocks, as they take form, deposited by the first ancient, boiling seas. Lower and lower the atoms settle and aggregate themselves, until they form a rock. By the upheaval of internal fires, they are sent, in vast extent, to the surface, in the form of continents and islands. That is the period of the manhood and vigor of the ancient rock. By a gradual process of decadence, under the influence of atmosphere and time, we find the rock slowly dying, until at last it changes utterly, and gives birth to new strata, and new combinations. The granite of the primeval epoch is dead in the limestone and chalk of after ages, and the upraised succeeding strata of rock. Each one perishes, having had the same experience of aggregation from the forms of its atoms, — absolute life in one definite form, and old age, and death, and reposition, in another form.

The same system may be traced in the vegetable world. Every blade of grass springs from the infancy of the soil, and every flower shoots forth from the rudimental state. As the root dies in the earth, we perceive the new life, with its tender infantile green,—its little stem, and its ascending shoot, frail and delicate, but rising, until it elaborates itself into the fully-formed flower or the tree—the perfect condition of vegetable life—the time of its beauty, vigor and manhood. Then comes the judgment day, looming up before the flower, with its inevitable trump of doom, and the flower, the tree, and the grass must die. They sink down into the night of old age, and perish. Thus it is with humanity, considered by multitudes, or as individuals. So it is with your institutions, your villages, your cities, your nations, the works of your hands. They all have their rudimental existence. You may enter one of your great factories, and a history of life and death shall be observed in every one of its chambers. Ascend to the topmost, and there you see the produce of the field, the fair cotton. You may trace its life from the root, elaborating itself into the flower, and dying beneath the hand of the cotton picker. And now it appears in a new life —

in the form of the bale as you find it there. Descend to the next chamber, and you will find the bale dead. It was in its infantile state when gathered. It was in its manhood when you saw it in the bale. Now it is in a new form — a long, continuous stream, like a fair, white rope, pouring through great cylinders conveying it down to a lower chamber. Follow it on through the life of the rope. You descend and find it condensed into a little finer form. It is now the spirit of the rope. The rope is dead, and unperceived, it is a mere thread. Descend to the next chamber, and you find that the thread is dead. Its life has been wrought into a closely-woven mass, in the fashion of a fabric. Descend to the next chamber, and you find this fabric dead. It has been changed into a more delicate and purified form of existence.

Descend to the lowest basement, and there you shall find the wheel which moves the whole machinery — the life of the whole — and there you will find the laughing waters, — the life of the wheel. A hundred years hence, the wheel will die, although its term of life may be longer than that of the cotton. In its different transition stages, it runs through the same process of existence. The engineer, as he gathered together the materials to construct the machine, was the god of the engine. He built it piece by piece, limb by limb, joint after joint, until he brought it up from the infantile state to the manhood of the machine. Now it is still, cold, lifeless, the gray moss of decay is its monumental garb; and the hours of deathly stillness that surround the old worn out wheel, is its judgment day.

So it is with the building you have constructed and fashioned. Long ago, when time was young, the particles of matter of which it is composed were held as dancing motes in the summer sunbeam, until the gentle influence of light absorbed and bound them into the mighty oak. Now they are gathered together, and you behold them in the strength and pride of manhood. A few years hence it will be crumbling until it is dead — dead as in the night of old age, when the clock of time shall strike its requiem. It will die

and lie long a solemn wreck, like ruined Palmyra and perished Babylon, and all the glorious cities of the East, whose banners of splendor and power once waved over mighty and conquered Africa. You can trace those cities from the hut of the woodman and the cabin of the pioneer, through hamlet, and village, and town, and city, up to the mighty nation, rising in pride and power, stretching out its broad arms, grasping great colonies, and absorbing kingdoms. Trace it down the hill of time until it lies like the prostrate columns of Tadmor, the desolation of Ninevah, the huge relics of ancient India, and the everlasting monuments of still Egypt. Such is the fortune of all things.

And now comes the query, wherefore this constant change of form in that which was so beautiful? Wherefore this stamp of dark decay on that which was so fair and useful? It is, because it was not fair and useful enough; because the forms, however beautiful and excellent of yesterday, are not beautiful and excellent enough for to-day—that death came like the liberating angel, opening the door for those forms that were imperfect, and therefore in a state of sin. Mark it well; nature is progressive, the soul of man is progressive, the surrounding worlds rushing through the universe during endless ages, are all progressive. There is no such thing as rest in nature; no peace, no let, no hindrance. By the eternal law of progress, that which is permanent and that which is established in form and stereotyped in shape, is not good enough for the coming ages. Forms cannot grow—nature is progressive, and nature or the forms must die. Forms are like books. They are but the stereotypes of to-day, and must give place to others as time passes. Forms are good enough for to-day, but not sufficient for to-morrow. Thus it is that the glorious comet—the magnificent spectacle of the vast illumination that spreads its enormous length of fire through the stars, and trails its golden tresses across the sky, that this splendid pyrotechnic display to the universe is not good enough when ye consider the necessities and the designs of that God who asks for worlds full of breathing

creatures like himself. The comet is splendid in its condition, perfect after its kind, but not perfect enough until it has died and passed into the solid form of a laughing young world, shouting for joy that it is born. And the nebulous stars are very beautiful after their kind; the young worlds that have been thrown off from the burning sun are all beautiful, but not good enough. More light—let them die—let them perish. Oh, Death! Liberty Angel! open the gates for the freedom of the souls of young worlds, that they may go forth, first in the perfection of manhood and strength, and next into old age, when it will give up the ghost of its old form, that it may assume one more beautiful and glorious. The old rocks were very grand in their stately, hard, crystalline mass. The rocky hills, the long sea-beaches, the vast sandy deserts, all speak the power of the active God; and could ye gaze upon them now, and once again in thought contemplate the spectacle of the moving sands and the rolling waves, and hear the voice of the thunder and the crash of elemental strife, such as ye cannot now conceive, as the huge glacier plows its tremendous way across the primeval continents, ye would say, “Oh! how tame is this world, compared with the condition of those ancient times.” But there was no life then; there were no beings to gladden the heart of the Creator—no musical tones to whisper to him, “Our Father.” The old rocks must die. The ancient fire-kings must restrain their arms—the wild winds must be recalled to their chambers, and, in their place, a gentle stillness must pervade the earth. The solemn light of a new morning has dawned. A change of existence has come to the old world. It is dead, dead; and fresh forms—young, green forms, and the many-colored eyes of ten thousand flowers, and the rejoicing heads of green trees—now wave bright and beautiful, where once only sandy deserts spread, and bare rocks reared their gigantic heads. With the death of the old comes the life of the new. These old forms have no inner power within themselves to grow or to create. You must break them up, for they are sinful. Perfect up to the time of their manhood,

they then become sinful, if permitted to remain and cumber the earth when higher forms are needed. So with towns, cities, nations, institutions—good enough for the time, good enough for the babes of the world, good enough for its infancy, perfect after its generation, but not good and perfect enough for the advanced minds of succeeding generations. They must die; they must perish to make room for something yet more beautiful. Rome, on her seven hills of pride, with her noble Coliseum, her towers, her mighty palaces, her men of wisdom, her legislation, her warrior strength and martial freedom, was enough for her day. Corinth and Athens were enough for their time, but not enough for after time. They had no great factories, no steam engines, no telegraphs, no railroads, no labor-saving machinery, no printing press, nothing of all that beautiful new life that has grown up out of the ashes of the old world. She has perished in the night of death for her imperfection. Sin is upon her; let her pay the wages of sin, the penalty of death. Bid her spirit go free, to build up new institutions and a new civilization. Around you are the works of your hands; but the machine over which you have labored so fondly to-day, is the machine on which in ancient times the minds of men labored, and oh! how they strove, and struggled, and thought. With what fatherly care did they band together all the parts of the structure, and when the whole was complete, they gazed upon it as the Creator does upon a new world, exclaiming: "It is the child of my brain; all hail to a new-born world of thought!" But that old machine is now cumbrous and useless. You look upon it with indifference or disgust. You now find the burning inspiration of new men suggesting higher inventions. The machine must die; let it crumble into dust; it is imperfect. The times ask for better machines, and that must die. The glorious cathedrals, the mighty pyramids, the noble towers, the glorious monuments of art, which have been upreared in ancient times—where are they now? Mark you the clustering ivy, that, like the silver of old age, consecrates the ruin by its

beauty. Alas! alas! that beauty is but eating into its heart, and hastening decay. It is but the fluttering pinion of the angel of death, who has fastened with greedy, grasping fingers upon the life within. It must, it shall give way to younger, more useful and more beautiful forms. So your towers shall totter, your steeples must fall, your mighty cathedrals must crumble into dust, your splendid galleries of art shall all perish, because earth asks for more beautiful cathedrals, higher towers and more splendid galleries. These things are in the state of sin. The vast pyramids and the mighty ruins of Rome, with their colossal form, are but monuments of human ignorance; they are but the evidence of an age of physical force; they are the voice of history pointing to that from which you have sprung. The relics of past ages, and the imperfection of man, the evidence of sin and brute force, they shall perish; and the sands of the desert are now whirling around and over the vanishing forms of buried cities. Powerful kingdoms, glorious dynasties, shall arise in the ruins of each, like the fabled phoenix springing from the ashes of the past. Thus are sin and death ever bound together.

Bring it down into the moral world. See if there be any difference except in quality. There is no human being, from the lowest criminal to the highest saint, that is perfect. There is not a mind, however stored with the wealth of the past, that is intellectual enough for the wants of to-morrow. As you men of learning and science in the nineteenth century are prodigies of acquired knowledge compared with the ancients, so will you be children of imperfection compared with your descendants. As your rude predecessors were the rough husks, the unbound grain, the unrefined gold, the uncarved diamond, to you, so are you the quartz, the unworked metal, the unpolished element, to your descendants. No creature, however great, is in a state of perfection in comparison with what shall be beyond himself. Your forms are finite, like the forms of those rocks and ruined cities that have perished; are temporary forms, in which your spirit for

a time grows, and then casts them off, as the mould elaborates its substance into usefulness and beauty, and then perishes. That form to you is useful to your spirit as a means of expression, as a means of trying and improving its strength. It is the swaddling band by which the infinite spirit goes forth to knowledge. Your form is the means by which you project yourselves into life, and acquire strength and experience for conflict; no matter what your state, whether you call it sinful or good. Ye have no standard of good. All things are relative. Whatever be your state, it is not enough for to-morrow; and so your forms shall perish, and the wages of your imperfection shall be your death. That breaks up your form, and allows your indestructible spirit to go forth, free to elaborate itself into some higher form.

Translate the sentence we have given you in its literal sense, and what childish folly does it represent. The wages of sin is death. Death came into the world long ere the sin of moral beings existed. The monumental beings of the old rocks tell of death during millions of ages as it broke up the forms of myriads of creatures, compelling each race and generation of animal life in succession to give way for the next in the series. Death was in the comet, when first gathering in the heavens. Death is in the nebulous stars. It is in every material of which your world is formed. They died before they could be assimilated into what constitutes your world. You call the earth one—you call the primeval rocks one primary substance. It is a compound of the soul and body of the dead. It is a compound of the spirit of matter and the elementary atoms which floated in nebulous vapor. These die, they lose their individuality before they can become the compound you term matter, or soil. Death, then, was on everything that is compounded in your earth, long ere man came to harmonize, behold and enjoy it. The death of the body is only a type of change. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth remaineth forever. The spirit that animates form is indestructible; it is merely the external expression that dies.

The life of the form is higher than its expression, as God is higher than ye finite beings. As all finite beings, however, are the children of the infinite God, so are forms. The imperfect is the child of his perfection, and sin, which ye pronounce upon—where will ye find the standard? The Scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. Your priests, proud and disdainful, when questioned, point to a book, where they tell ye they find the standard of sin. They will tell you through the lips of their lawgiver, "Thou shalt not steal," and point to his action to show you that you must not steal from the Hebrews, but it is very proper to steal from the Egyptians. They will tell you, moreover, "you shall do no murder;" and by the very same rule by which one man is condemned, twelve men may undertake to strangle the one man for committing murder, and twelve thousand go forth to commit murder at their pleasure. In the one man it is a crime; in the twelve men it is justice; in the twelve thousand it is patriotism. [Sensation.] Thus, throughout all your commandments, your standard of sin is variable and imperfect. Nor will your standard be true while ye rest upon books. Books are but the expedients of the time. The time was when these laws were framed for the Hebrews, and were adapted to them; but the morrow came; the age passed away, and to the Christians these laws were no more available, and they perished. They were in a state of sin; death was pronounced upon them. The wages they gain is that they shall die, and give place to more useful and expedient standards. Still, what do ye find your standard of what is sinful? Do ye not define it by a rule that is moveable in times and countries? That which is murder among white men, is the pride and triumph of the red man. The savage, exulting with his scalps at his belt, represents the hero of his tribe, but to you he is the dark murderer. Between nation and nation, the standard of sin is not the same. Neither is it so between man and man. To the poor, ragged, starving, houseless wanderer, it sternly says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, though shivering in rags, pinched with

hunger, while the winds play upon thy unhoused head, and unshod feet." But to the rich, reposing in luxury, to the active, and strong, and grasping, it says, "Thou shalt covet, and the more thou dost covet, the more successful thou shalt be; unless thou covetest thy neighbor's goods, thou shalt never have the stimulus to cheat him in the large game of commerce." [Sensation.] So with all your institutions; you limit yourselves to form, when you narrow yourselves down to that which is transient, that which is made for to-day, but is not large enough for to-morrow. The time will come, when, amid decay and confusion, you shall see death pronounced upon your institutions, for they are imperfect, and must perish. Your standard is imperfect. There is no standard that is perfect, save in the mind of the Infinite, who is the standard unto himself. There is no law of right and wrong. There is no law defining sin, save that you find in the eternal law of God. Your sin becomes right, and your imperfection becomes perfection, when changed by death. Then they give way to higher, more gracious, and more perfected forms. All hail, then, to that which ye term death. Trace its action, and ye find it touches nothing but sin; that it leaves the good—that which is the gift of God it leaves to the inheritance of eternal life. Nothing which has been, which was beautiful or true in the past, has ever died. The glories of comets, and stars, and planets, and all the heavenly host, live forever. The knowledge of how the divine wisdom has elaborated light out of darkness, is still the teaching of every age. The glorious old rocks are written all over by the finger of that God who so simply and so touchingly, without one word spoken, has shown, in the prints of the ancient monsters, and in the different ascending strata of rocks and forms, his great law of production, decay, death, and reposition. There has he shown ye a gospel which sets your books at naught, defies your earthly systems and man-made words, appeals to the reason and takes the brain captive. There is the gospel which cannot die. It is in such writings as these, such tokens as these, that we find it.

Out of these imperfect forms, out of this vast array of the conquests which death has made, ye can perceive how God has conserved the beautiful and the true, and handed it down from age to age until it becomes the inheritance of eternal life, which only is his gift.

Ye may trace it in the history of this great continent of yours. It was when a noble, brave set of men found imperfection in their fatherland—when the laws which had been very good, and institutions which had been necessary for the preceding age, fell upon their souls like iron bolts, chaining down their free spirits with a burden too grievous to be borne longer, that they determined that either they must die to England, or England must die to them. They felt that the hour of doom had come, when their souls must be free; when their God and their religion, dearer to them than all transient forms, must be preserved by breaking the chain of captivity which tyranny laid upon them; and so they perished to their native land, and embarked on the vast waste of water, amid cold and hardship, privation and death, in loss of friends and home. Then, with stern, unshaken faith, through the long winter days, the Pilgrim Fathers ploughed the wide waste of ocean, until at last, in the season of storm and cold, they planted their weary feet in the land of the savage, with nowhere to lay their heads, with no shelter from the wintry severity of a bleak climate, without homes, or friends, or welcome; a band of lonely hearts stood these children of liberty, few, but faithful and undaunted, cherishing a burning love for that liberty inherent in all men, even under monarchical systems of government, and crying to all the world, by voice and example, “the soul of man must be free, and everything in that soul must be represented.” With no assistance, with only the angels hovering around them, they held on their way, amid perils and hardships, to their lonely, distant home. Now, you remember all this struggle and triumph. You point to their efforts; you speak of them with bared heads; you bow down to the very dust as you pass the scene of their great labors, or the spot where their ashes lie. You tell

your children. Ye tell the children tales of their virtue as ye sit long into the winter's night, crooning over the fire. When your young men go to plow the deep, or press forward to the struggle of life, with the names of the noble Pilgrim Fathers on your tongue, ye point to the scenes of their high deeds, and recall the story of their bright example, until your heart leaps into your mouth, and you bid them be like these noble Pilgrim Fathers, the sires of liberty. Ye do all this: but where is Salem's gallows? Where is the hanging of the Quaker women on Boston Common? Where are the whipping post, and pillory, and jail? The fire, sword, and faggot? The hatred, bigotry and detestation, that grew up between man and man, between brother and brother, out of Puritanism? Where is all this? Dead! dead! The wages of that sin has been death. The virtues of the Puritan Fathers live forever; their vices are with their crumbling ashes, in the dust. You cannot remember them more. They have no permanent existence. They were but transient; they were but the forms in which their virtues were enshrined. They were narrow prison houses, in which their souls were bound—the chains of earth to their spirits—and they are scattered to the four winds of heaven.

As with them, so with every soul that ever lived. This is the secret of hero-worship. Ye build up marble monuments, and work into stone the features of the mighty dead, when ye would exalt their names. If ye would exalt their names, write them on your souls. Teach your children to honor them, until your hearts quiver again, as ye remember the glorious sons of art and science. These dead warriors, these bygone navigators, these departed heroes, ye crowd around the insensate marble because ye can see the blessed form no more, and ye cry, Hail to the world's conquerors! Ye remember all of them that is memorable and noble—aye, their virtues are present, living with you. They are tangible realities. They are the gift of God, which is eternal life. But their vices all have perished. It is so even as ye pass the clay-cold form of the worst of criminals. He is dead now, and ye

Speak softly as ye pronounce the name of him whom, in life, ye regarded with loathing. Oh! those gentle tones with which you speak of a dead enemy. "Let it go; he is dead now; he can harm us no more." Why this merciful forgiveness? Ye would have hounded him down to death. Ye do so; ye stand, thousands of ye, with upturned faces, looking on the one hapless wretch who stands on the fatal gallows; and there is in this sea of human heads and upturned faces nothing but the deepest hatred and loathing. Not one pitying glance does he meet in the stony eyes around. The miserable wretch sees everywhere the reflection of his fatal crime. An awful moment passes. Now he is dead. Peace to his ashes, is the cry of every human soul.

And why is this? His sin is finite; must not his punishment be so also? Oh! ye who advocate the eternity of punishment for a finite sin, open the page of your Bible and read that the wages is paid with death. When sin is accomplished, the inharmony produced is life; the misery that follows is death. The world revolts against sin, and pronounces judgment upon it. "It shall not be," is the cry of the world. Why is this? Sin is the cause of all inharmony. It breaks up the ties of the social relations. Wherever there is discord or suffering; wherever nature's uniformity is broken; wherever her progress is checked, and her glorious laws infracted; wherever happiness is destroyed or prevented, there is sin. As sure as that sin exists, there is a law by which the consequence of this sin is to produce death. The sin cannot remain, nor its effects. They must perish; they must die. But to the good and the true, there is no finality. All the art and all the science of Athens is with you to-day; all its cruelty and folly are dead. All the martial pride and virtue, all that was beautiful and grand in Rome and Greece, are with you to-day; all their savagism, their tyranny, and their errors are dead. All the wondrous lore of Egypt, all the splendor and magnificence of India, are with you to-day; but all their strange, fantastic systems, all their mysticisms, their follies, their myths, are dead, dead. It was predicted

ages ago, that Babylon would fall, because she did not engraft within herself that gift of God which is the gift of eternal life—the gift of the kingdom of heaven. So with all your sins; they must perish, and woe be to that man who attempts to stamp permanence upon sin, or to say that death is other than the wages of sin. But the gift of God is eternal life.

This is our view of sin and death. Rejoice, bereaved mother, thy little blossoms are transplanted; but there was imperfection in the little temple in which that holy spirit was enshrined; there was that imperfection, which presses the form down to death itself; and death—the kind, benevolent, white-robed angel—the queen of spring—the gatherer of flowers, came, lifting the little one to a better life; opening the gate of its clay prison, and leading its little footsteps into the world of eternal sunshine. She has set your child free. She has broken up only the imperfect form, which was sinful, and insufficient to the spirit, which was unable to exchange it, which was unable to externalize it, which was unable to give it what the spirit demanded. Ye may say, we commend early death; that we consider it a blessing—the glorious highway—the archway, over which the soul walks up to a higher life. So we do; but remember, that only perfection can enter through the gateway, when nature's purposes are fulfilled. Nature grants to everything a stereotyped form, for the purpose of incarnating the life, and giving the spirit expression. Hence, premature or violent death is a misfortune, for it is an infraction of the order of nature. But God is good, and works light out of man's darkness. He compensates for those violated laws by which man plunges two-thirds of the race into premature death. He places little children in that exalted, pure condition in which angels dwell, where they live safe from the conflicts of sin; but they are thus deprived of the strength that sin gives. Aye, it does give strength. In every struggle with self and sin, a fresh strength is evolved; and that the little child loses. But what it loses in strength, it gains in purity; and what humanity loses in purity, from

sin, it gains in experience, and knowledge, and strength. Oh! there is a law of compensation in the spheres. This is the strength, by which every departed spirit becomes the guardian to the being next to itself—by which every departed spirit, with wide clairvoyant vision and extended power, is enabled to do more for the soul it loved on earth, than the bud of life that is taken away in infancy.

This is the compensation which God, in his goodness, has made for the follies of man, by which he rushes on to premature death. It is not so with the suicide; whether he seeks death voluntarily, or whether he falls into its embrace by that moral suicide that hastens through the gates of constant sin, on to the penalty angel. In every condition, where man violates the knowledge he possesses, he sins against the Holy Ghost. This cannot be forgiven. The Holy Ghost is knowledge; the Holy Ghost is the divine life within; and that man or woman who sins against that law, must pay the penalty by many deaths. There is no forgiveness, no compensation for that—nothing but that suffering which is the death of sin.

But still this law is just, and still it is full of hope. Still it points to the fact, that for the criminals, as for the saints, there is a Father, to whom all may say, "I will arise and go to Thee." There is the aim to which all shall press forward through the gates of death, though they may be ten thousand or ten million. Form after form shall pass away; sin after sin breaks up and perishes, like the forms of ancient institutions; the soul advances through pain and delay, until at last the free spirit stands upon the verge of the highest life, and approaches the throne, whereon stands the Father.

It has been said, "There shall be no more death." If there be no more change, there will be annihilation. Death, as ye see it, is ended—death, as ye comprehend it, the king of terrors; that which ye fear, and teach your little children to dread as the greatest bug-bear of existence—that last enemy, is conquered when knowledge is obtained by man of what death is, the main purpose which it subserved, and

the magnificent ends for which it is instituted. Then may we truly cry out, "Oh, death! where is thy sting? Oh, grave! where is thy victory?"

This evening we propose to close these addresses, by asking your attention, whilst we offer a few suggestions on the subject of Hades, or the land of the dead. The dead! where are they? Oh, Atmosphere! Air! Sky! Earth! Ye are all full of them—full of the loving and true. Oh, human soul! cherished, and strengthened, upheld and blest by them; lamps to thy feet—watchmen in thy darkness, are these blessed spirits. Away with the word; let it never more be sounded, in the life of knowledge and wisdom; forget that death was e'er arrayed in the black form of terror, and night, and destruction; put on the garb of rejoicing, for in that name is recognized but the graduation in a higher college; joyfully send forth the hallelujah of triumph when your children go home to the bosom of the Father—when the weary pilgrims of life pass through the bright archway to the better land. Welcome death as the liberty angel, that shall set the good free—that shall realize the gift of God—that shall break up the old, imperfect forms. Rejoice, and cry out with us, "There is no more death!"

If there be any present who desire to propound a few questions, we would cheerfully respond.

[Having paused a few moments, and no person presenting any inquiries, the announcement of the evening lecture was repeated, together with the announcement, that in three months the details of modern Spiritualism, its phenomena, art and science, would be the subject of further discourse, through the present medium.]

LECTURE SIXTH.

HADES, THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

Delivered at Kingsbury Hall, Sunday Evening, Nov. 4, 1860.

[MISS HARDINGE appeared, and began speaking ten minutes before eight o'clock. Having read a notice of a test-medium's meeting, (ADA L. HOYT,) to take place on Thursday evening, she proceeded:]

I AM also required by the power that I obey, to read to you, as the introduction to this evening's discourse, a few very brief extracts from certain celebrated English writers:

"The happiness of the elect in heaven will, in part, consist in witnessing the torments of the damned in hell. And among these, it may be their own children, parents, husbands, wives, and friends on earth. One part of the business of the blessed is to celebrate the doctrine of reprobation. While the decree of reprobation is eternally executing on the vessels of wrath, the smoke of their torment will be eternally ascending in view of the vessels of mercy, who, instead of taking the part of those miserable objects, will say, 'Amen, hallelujah, praise the Lord.'"—*Ennmons' Sermons*, xvi.

"When they (the saints,) shall see how great the misery is, from which God hath saved them, and how great a difference he hath made between their state and the state of others who were by Nature, and perhaps by practice, no more sinful and ill-deserving than they, it will give them more a sense of the wonderfulness of God's grace to them. Every time they look upon the damned, it will excite in them a lively and admiring sense of the grace of God in making them so to differ. The sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever."—*Id.*, *Sermon* xi.

"The saints in glory will be far more sensible how dreadful the wrath of God is, and will better understand how terrible the sufferings of the damned are, yet this will be no occasion of grief to them, but rejoicing. They will not be sorry for the damned; it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them, but on the contrary, when they see this sight, it will occasion rejoicing, and excite them to joyful praises."—*Edwards' Practical Sermons*, xxii.

"The Rev. Thomas Boston, an orthodox divine, in his 'Four-fold State,' says: 'The godly wife shall applaud the justice of the judge in the condemnation of her *ungodly husband*. The godly husband shall say, *amen!* to the damnation of her who lay in his bosom! The godly parent shall say, *hallelujah!* at the passing of the sentence of their ungodly child. And the godly child shall from his heart approve the *damnation* of his wicked parents who begot him, and the mother who bore him.'—p. 336.

"The Rev. Thomas Vincent, a Calvinistic clergyman of the seventeenth century, indulges in the following strain: 'This will fill them (the saints,) with astonishing *admiration* and wondering joy, when they see some of their near relatives going to hell; their fathers, their mothers, their children, their husbands, their wives, their intimate friends, and companions, while they themselves are saved! . . . Those affections they now have for relatives *out* of Christ will *cease*; and they will not have the *least trouble* to see them sentenced to *hell*, and thrust into the *fiery furnace!*'

"The orthodox Ambrose, in his sermon on 'Doom's-day,' says: 'When the damned have drunken down whole draughts of brimstone one day, they must do the same another day. The eye shall be tormented with the sight of devils, the ear with the hideous yellings and outcries of the *damned* in *flames*, the nostrils shall be smothered as it were with *brimstone*; the tongue, the hand, the foot, and every part shall *fry* in *flames!*'

"I quote the following from a writer in the *Congregationalist*. He says: 'We do not deny that infant damnation was once the orthodox doctrine of the Church. * * * Nor do we deny that Calvin himself believed that some *infants* might be non-elect, and perish; nor do we deny that Calvinistic writers, since his day, have held and taught that the *children* of *unbelievers* and *heathen*, might be eternally lost.' It is still taught *inferentially* in the 'Presbyterian Confession of Faith.' It reads thus:

"*'Elect* infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ, through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth. So, also, are all other *elect* persons who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word.' pp. 68, 69.

"If such language means anything, the phrase, '*elect infants*,' presupposes there are *non-elect infants*. Dr. Jonathan Edwards says:

"'Reprobate infants are vipers of vengeance, which Jehovah will hold over hell in the tongs of his wrath, until they turn and spit venom in his face.'

"And John Calvin, of Servetus memory, disposes of juvenile sinners without ceremony. He tells us:

"'Children bring their condemnation with them from their mother's womb, being liable to punishment, not for the sin of another, but for their own; for although they have not yet produced the fruits of their iniquity, they have the seed inclosed in themselves; nay, their

whole nature is, as it were, a seed of sin ; therefore it cannot but be odious and abominable to God.'

"Here follow some old orthodox stanzas, embodying the same doctrine :

'There is a never-ending Hell,
And never-dying pains,
Where children must with demons dwell
In darkness, fire and chains.

* * * * *

'Have faith the same with endless shame,
To all the human race ;
For Hell is crammed with infants damned
Without a day of grace.'—*Dr. Watts.*"

"And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie : that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."—2 *Thessalonians*, 2 : 11, 12.

"And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery : and when they had set her in the midst, they say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned : but what sayest thou ? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last : and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers ? hath no man condemned thee ? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee : go, and sin no more."—*St. John*, 8 : 3—11.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors ; one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others ; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar, and saying, If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself. And a superscription also was written over him, in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS. And one of the malefactors, which were hanged, railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation ? And we indeed justly ; for we receive the due reward of our deeds : but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."—*St. Luke*, 23 : 33—43.

[Here Miss HARDINGE resumed her seat during a few moments, which were occupied by singing ; at the conclusion of which, she proceeded :]

“To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”

“And to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.”

When this century is dead, scarcely a foot that now presses this mortal earth, but will be crumbling in the dust ; and every one of those bright spirits, those radiant souls, that now think and are — where will they be ? Either with Saul and his sons, or with Jesus in paradise ; every one of them will be in Hades. Is not the time come when ye should know whither ye are bound ? We have read ye this night some of those teachings which for fifteen hundred years have led ye onwards to the grave. We have read ye this night the only solution which the most civilized churches, and the most civilized nations of the earth offer concerning the land of the dead. As ye must all go there — as there is no man, saint or sinner — as there is scarcely a heart that now pulsates with life, but has throbbed with agony at the deep mystery of the grave ; as there is not a single human being that has not cried, Where, where are they gone ? where must I follow them ? so these Christian divines, these watchmen on the walls of Zion, have attempted to answer the question : Where are they ? True, they do not all agree. One writes on your monumental gravestone, “Here lies ;” another writes, “Gone to God ;” one writes, “Here rests ;” and another, “Here waits until the last trump shall sound.” But the world is not satisfied. This is shown by the presence of the thinking men and women that are here this night, waiting upon the words of the very babes and sucklings, the handmaidens and weak of earth, in the hope to catch some more hopeful light from some torch flashed by the hands of angels in the midst of this hideous night of darkness ; it is proven by your presence, thinking men and women, and the presence of millions who have crowded around the footsteps of your speaker, since, three short years ago, she listened to the voices of the immortals, for the first time, through the medium-power of the very one whom ye will hear next Thursday.

Aye, through such babes, such weak, such simple, such common things of earth, as uninstructed women and weak children; through brands such as no Christian divine would pluck from the burning; through the low, tiny voices of nature's little ones; through the unpremeditated speech of the frail things of earth, ye seek for some higher light. God help the thought of this day, the minds and the souls of those who have been starved down to this point, if down ye are descending to ask for light through such means.

Here is a representation of the Christian's interpretation of Hades, [pointing to the book from which she had read the previous extracts.] Side by side with this stands the interpretation given by the founder of that faith termed Christian. Two classes of sinners stand before him. These sinners once stood before him — these very sinners whom John Calvin, and Martin Luther, and their followers, have denounced, and consigned to the very lowest depths of Hades. We accept these precious ones — these little, frail lambs of love; these simple, tender beings whom Jesus so fondly caressed, the non-elect little children who pave the dreadful ways of that hideous kingdom of darkness, where the non-elect, in reprobation, endure eternal torments. We accept them. Here ye have a representation of what they may expect through the lips of Jesus. With this clue before us, we proceed to consider the evidences, historical as well as spiritual, the revelations of the past as well as those of the present, concerning the Hades of these Christians, and the Hades to which you all must go. We examine the most early revelations claimed to be brought by spirits, claimed by the profoundest sages, and the deepest philosophers, men of science and men of mind, to be brought by spiritual beings. We find, on examining all systems of religion, that none has ever claimed any authorship except that of spiritual beings. The evidence afforded by monumental remains, that spiritual communion, in all its present external, phenomenal phases, did exist, justifies our belief that they did commune with spiritual beings, during trances, and visions of the night,

through the presentation of the forms of the departed in bliss or torment. The Hindoos fashioned this theology, this teaching concerning the dealings of their God with the dead. They were accustomed to assemble on the banks of their rivers, which were considered sacred, both in India and in Egypt, from the absence of rain, and the value attached to the inundations occurring from the rising of these sacred rivers. Here, then the judges of the dead assembled, forty-two in number. Witnesses were called, and the form of the clay-cold, broken temple was laid before them. They believed that, inspired by their gods, they were enabled to recognize the condition through which the deceased had passed. They examined the witnesses as to life and conduct. If these witnesses pronounced in favor of the actions of the dead, the corpse was then rowed over the river, to a place termed Elysium, or a place of rest. There, honorable sepulture was afforded to the remains. In this the Egyptians believed they presented a type of the condition of the soul of the departed. "He is gone to rest," they said. If, on the other hand, crimes were multiplied by the witnesses, many offenses were heaped upon the memory of the dead, then they committed those insensate remains to a certain ditch, termed Tartar, a place which abounded with fire and brimstone, and from which the Christians have stolen their fabled hell. Here, in the midst of the debris of certain volcanic localities, all of which poured into the same ditch, the deceased was considered to be in what was a type of the soul's condition. "His body," they said, "is being purified by the constant effluvia of that matter which produces fire. We have committed his remains, in evidence of his soul's condition, to the purifying action of that matter which will remove the stains from it." They never entertained the savage, hideous idea, that their God punished for the love of punishment. They only conceived of punishment as a means of reform. These ignorant heathens, these ancient barbarians, entertained a conception of a God who was a father, and hence they supposed their God, instead of delighting in

the sufferings of his prodigal children, whom he had thus fashioned in evil, ordained this suffering as a means of reform. True, they were but heathens. They had not then the light of Christian wisdom; they had not the advantage of the religion of your Tertullians, St. Jeromes, and St. Augustines, and the noble Christian Fathers, who, fashioning the Athanasian Creed, determined to shut down the gates of fire and brimstone forever on human souls. This is not, however, the opinion of the heathens.

They represented the various series of animal existence, as each one typical of certain crimes. Every animal, with its peculiar characteristics, was to them an evidence of the peculiar characteristics of criminal minds. Thus they loathed the swine, because they found in it the gross crime of sensuality. They likened the lion and the tiger to the ferocious minds that thirsted for vengeance and human blood. One of the great teachings of their sages and philosophers, was that the soul, in its similarity to these animals, was compelled to pass into a state represented by these animals. In process of time, as all ideas which are too abstract or sublime for the vulgar mind to comprehend, become gross and sensual, the people were taught to believe that the souls actually transmigrated into these forms. This was not the teaching of Zoroaster, or Buddha; this was not the teaching of those priests and sages of old, who held that there was a secret, inner and spiritual meaning, and an outward and vulgar significance to their teachings. The priests instituted mysteries to conceal these things from the people, in order to perpetuate their power. The idea, however, was the same — that the animals represented the various conditions of criminality. But their idea also extended to fourteen spheres above earth, through which they conceived the souls of the blest and happy should pass before they arrived at that ultimate state of perfection, where they entered the celestial realms of their God. You will recognize in this conception of the ancients everywhere, the idea of progress. You will perceive that this idea prevailed throughout all ancient religions. Even in the

savagism of the druidical forms, in the midst of the wild and fantastic systems of the Norsemen and Scandinavians, there was a world of progress in the hereafter, where the soul only suffered punishment for the sake of reform ; where the purgatory of the Catholics was typified by the conditions of discipline through which the soul passed for the purpose of purification. You cannot point to one religion on the face of the earth, savage enough to think of destruction, except the systems which we have this evening quoted literally.

We now proceed to consider what was the conception of the founders of your religion — the Jews — the religion of the Old Testament. We find there, that the Jews, who had been commanded to spoil the Egyptians, obeyed the command literally. They not only spoiled them of their ornaments, but they spoiled them of their religion ; they stole their myths, and appropriated their forms and ceremonies. Hence they adopted, as a portion of these ceremonies, this custom ; they established a valley called the Valley of Hinnom. Here it was the custom of the Jews, who dreaded death as the last great evil that could befall them, to place the bodies of malefactors. They carried them to this valley and subjected them to the action of destroying fire. They had a superstition that there was a worm that preyed on the body after death ; that this worm was contagious and would communicate itself to the living. Hence they established a circle of fires around this valley ; they called this Gehenna. They kept these fires constantly burning, and as they were accustomed in poetical phrases of allegorical imagery to liken their souls to spiritual forms, they likened wickedness to the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched, because this worm was to them the most terrible of all fears — because this fire typified to them the disgraceful death of the malefactor. Those that died with the odor of sanctity, as your modern divines have it, were committed to stately tombs and sepulchres after the Egyptian fashion ; but those that were supposed to be guilty of the crimes abhorrent to the legislative bodies of the day, were thus typically reduced to the condition of hell's

torments. If you will examine the Hebrew language, and compare it with the Hebrew Scriptures, you will find that there is but one signification for their idea of Hell, or *Sheol*, as they term it, that of the pit, or grave, or darkness. The Jews had no knowledge of the immortality of the soul. There is no such teaching throughout the Old Testament, with the exception of the weird and unlawful testimony of the woman of Endor. There is no testimony in that book, which you place in the hands of your children as the guide to salvation, of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. "If a man dies, shall he live again?" cries the wisest of men. The teaching throughout the Old Testament is conclusive upon this point, and is acknowledged to be so by the best of authorities. You must accept the teaching, therefore, that the Hell so frequently quoted—this burning lake of brimstone, and fire, and torment, so often dwelt upon by the fire-loving teachers of modern times, means nothing more than the material forms of burial, which the Egyptians and Jews alike adopted. The Jews had no conception of fiery torment when Jesus came among them. There were very few of the sects—the Pharisees only—that accepted the teaching of the immortality of the soul. Until the Jews had stolen a little from their captors, (the Chaldeans,) there is no evidence that they knew of a life beyond the grave. Whence comes this idea of a Hell and Hell torments, then, except from the physical condition which we have stated as connected with the religions both of India and Egypt, and also the form of burial among the Jews.

We now take a glance at the founders of your classical systems—at your masters in knowledge, at your scientific teachers, at your great authorities in Greece and Rome. There do we find that those teachers whose works you put into the hands of your children, those authors from whom you derive the chief part of your learning and wisdom, the wise and virtuous Socrates, the spiritual Plato, the pure-minded Pythagoras, the sagacious Solon, the noble Lycurgus, all those mighty minds that grappled with the unseen things

of the past, present and future, and are now held up by you as examples; those Aristotles, those Ciceros, those Demosthenes, who are the established patterns of eloquence and philosophy, knowledge, virtue, and religion—there do we find that all these men possessed the same ideas of a hereafter, the same merciful, progressive, and reverential conceptions of their God and his ways. The Greeks told of a Hades—neither Heaven, nor yet Hell—not the realm of Pluto, nor the glorious land of light where reigned the one Supreme in the mountains of supernal bliss; amid regions, a place alike of pain and pleasure, where the shades of the departed wandered hither and thither, some in penitential exercises—some in efforts to prepare themselves for yet higher conditions; some heroes, demi-gods, lares, and penates, as household gods returning to watch over those friends and relatives they had left behind. There was a wise and beautiful custom among the early Greeks, continued by the Romans, of every year opening their houses, and decorating their dwellings with flowers, and for ten days celebrating festivals in honor of their departed ancestors. Then they said, “Our hearth-stone is graced with the presence of the spirits of the dead.” Then they said, “The forms of the departed flock around us.” Then did they claim that the young and the beautiful, the noble and the brave, the strong and the true, all returned to visit the ancestral dwellings, and they rejoiced exceedingly. This was the belief of the wisest, the truest, and the best. In Rome we find the same idea prevailing, with something more of the Egyptian darkness, from which all the mythologies of the ancients came. There is perpetually the idea of the land of Tartar; there is the ditch Tartar, which gives rise to the idea of a land which the Romans termed Tartarus, in honor of its Egyptian origin, we presume. There it was supposed that instead of mourning as the shades of Greece mourned, there was a physical fire, by which the souls of the evil became purified from their criminal practices; but whether we turn to Greece, Rome, Persia, India, or Egypt; whether

we search the far islands of the East, or look into great mother Nature herself, we find everywhere a reflection of that assurance of Jesus, that God is our Father, and that all his dealings with his children must partake of the character of his Fatherhood; that there is a hereafter of progress, spheres adapted to the deeds done in the body, a condition where every soul shall have a chance of reviewing the past, and ascending the mountains of future light until he stands upon the hill-top of purification. This is the system of all the great and all the noble minds that have ever lived, from Buddha down to the present day. We must not include in this category, the noble and the true of Christianity, for these will not accept a place beside a Plato and a Pythagoras. Whilst they are content to dispute over the subtleties of an Aristotle and a Cicero—whilst they are contented to found all their learning upon the mighty walls and strong foundation which the brave old ancients have laid, we must not speak to them of their religion. Oh, no! The God who fashioned them, doubtless brought the heathens into existence for the purpose of teaching the Christians art and science, but when this is accomplished, they cast them into that same destroying lake of brimstone to which they devote their own non-elect. Oh, men and women! we speak to you with a sharp and bitter tongue of satire; but when the heart pauses, when the affectional nature but for one single instant contemplates scenes like these, well, well may we send up the pealing cry to our God: "Give us our daily bread; give us daily bread this day, fresh from the hideous impurities of the past."

Permit us now to review some conceptions which grow out of a purer and better teaching—that of the sinless One of Nazareth. We have refrained from speaking of his system, because we have once more the voice crying in the wilderness and preparing the way for its renovation once again. We will now briefly review his testimony and teaching. Christians, follow us through the page of your founder's teaching. What is the first point in it? Jesus everywhere represents

an impartial God ; he everywhere represents a God who sends his rain on the just and the unjust ; his sunlight to the good and the evil. He then tells you to be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect. When you inquire how far he carries this teaching into after life, remember the words quoted this night. On the dreadful cross, in the last dark hour of agony, with all the accumulated horrors of the most painful death that ever was inflicted on the writhing form of mortality, groaning beneath the burning sky of this torrid land, he cries, "Father, forgive them." Why ? "For they know not what they do." Oh ! ye who plead for the destruction of these little ones, that, like the men and women of Ninevah of old, knew not their right hand from their left, go to the God of Jonah, and ask whether he destroyed, and whether you can destroy them ? If ye question this, go take up the God of that Jesus who represented the Father here, who represented the God-principle, who moved through this earth, whose worn and bleeding feet everywhere left the footprints of what he taught the Father was, and everywhere you will find mercy, compassion and charity, because men knew not what they did. Take the next passage which we have quoted : "Verily, this day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Mark it, this was spoken on the day of the crucifixion. Where was Jesus, then, on the first day ? You, Christian men and women, claim, he had not yet ascended to the Father, when seen by Mary Magdalene and others, after the third day. Ye do not, according to your systems, claim that Jesus had yet risen ; ye do not even grant ascension, until long after this first day. Where, then, was this paradise ? It was not heaven ; it could not have been hell, for he would not have mocked the dying penitent with the promise of a place of torture. Paradise must mean that which the eastern word itself signifies—the place of rest, the elysian fields, that mid-region or condition of progress, where the soul prepares for the future heaven. It was not the place of finality. This is a proof of the fact, by the very teachings of your own systems. Jesus then promised to the dying thief some better

condition than the frightful state of suffering which your religion teaches, and that better condition was not a final one, because it was not heaven. Somewhere, then, there is the Hades of the Greeks; the Tartarus of the Romans; the Elysian Fields of the Egyptians; somewhere there is a mid-region, a condition of progress. If your New Testament be true, and ye question this page, turn to another. There do you find one of the companions of Jesus, one of his most trusted and intimate personal followers, telling of the time when Jesus went and preached to the spirits in prison. Would he, the kind, the merciful master, the friend of lowly, sinful women, and of every suffering creature, would he have given and preached the possibility of heaven to souls eternally consigned to torment. What is the purpose of preaching, except to make those who listen, better? For what purpose would the words of the kind, the true, the Eternal One have been bestowed, unless for purposes of reform? If those in prison were not capable of being benefited by his words, would he have offered them? Oh! by your own systems ye are judged; by your own systems ye are condemned, because your ways are not equal.

The teachings of such men as these—the teachings of an English Spurgeon, who represents to you that the worst torments of the damned in hell consist in the contemplation of the joys of paradise, from which they are eternally excluded; such teachings in this nineteenth century, to men and women who are fathers and mothers, cannot stand side by side with the words of Him whom they blazon on their banners, whom they call their founder, and before whose name every knee must bow low. Christ and Christianity differ in their teaching of the hereafter. We take up the simple words of Jesus; if they are not represented truly, you had better revise your Bible; if they are, we find here sufficient evidence not only of the gentle, loving, and protecting character of the Father, but we find a distinct and definite declaration of what is the state of the soul in the hereafter. We find here conclusive evidence that that state is not a final one.

This brings us to the revelations of modern Spiritualism. What right have we to quote them as authority? There are no gospels in the name of the spirits. There are no creeds, nor testaments, nor apostle's sanction. Oh no; those who send out spiritual literature to the world, put forth but mere ephemera; that which is placed before the world as a spiritualistic truth to-day, and which is sufficient for to-day, will not be sufficient for to-morrow. This lies at the very foundation of all spiritual revelation. It seems impossible that two or three can gather together for the simple purpose of recording an opinion shared in by all, and the world sneers at the spiritualists for their want of organization. The christian world—the christian organ, writes: The spiritualists have not unity enough amongst themselves even to build a barn. The christian journals are right; the spiritualists have too much spirit. Aye, that is the point, too much spirit; for the spirits have determined that they shall know what they write, before they presume to give it forth as authority. They shall no more write in haste, all men are liars; they shall take their time to think about it, and prove it, before they write it; and therefore you cannot find that there are two spiritualists who are yet in a position to agree together sufficiently upon that which they have received, to write it down, and stereotype it as truth, but there are certain points upon which the whole faith of the spiritual communion hangs, and this is the knowledge of the hereafter. At this moment, were these walls to grow vivid to your eyes with the glorious, radiant forms that are ascending and descending around you; were this air to be made thick with the myriads peopling it, who are now attracted hither by ties of sympathy, and kindness, standing by your side, or hovering above your heads, of what value would it be to look upon them? Of what value would it be to your life-practice, to your deeds, your purposes, and your conduct hereafter, to gaze on the speechless forms of these living dead? They would be but Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, with the skin, the flesh, the sinews, upon them. They would be nothing but

statuesque men, risen up again. It is when you call the four winds of heaven, and put the breath in them, and make them open their marble lips, and prophesy, and tell you of the hereafter, it is then that the spirits become a living army of exceeding great strength. It is not in the revelation that the spirits bring, or the news they have to offer, that all the gist of Spiritualism is to be found. And in this view, no two spiritualists can agree as to what is best to be done by way of hammering the chains of authority tight around the necks of one another; but they can agree in what their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, the friends whom they loved and trusted on earth, those who never deceived them, and those whose interest it is to tell them the truth—they can agree upon what these spirits tell them. There is but one tale to tell, and that, not in three thousand different versions, after the manner of sectarian systems; they tell it simply, because they are in the living experience of that which they tell. They all give one answer to the question, where do the dead find rest? “We are happy, or we are miserable, in precise proportion to what we have done on earth, but we live.” Life is action; life demands subjects for action. Subjects must be either above, or beneath, those who act. If they are above those who act, then do the spirits themselves become the subjects of higher beings than themselves. If they are below the spirits, then they are yourselves, for who but yourselves are below, or next to the spirits? In communion with you, therefore, in action with you, and those about yourselves, their lives are spent. What do they bring, and what is the purpose of their coming, and what the connection of their life-practice with you? To warn you how to act; to bind up the broken hearts of those bereaved mourners, who know not where the precious angels of the household are gone; to warn you of your own fate; to point the way with index finger to the better condition of a higher life; to bring you fragments of new sciences. And think you that all those blessings, all those good deeds, that this life of ministering, shall not avail to elevate the condition

of those who thus act towards you? Can they remain stationary? With the very worst among them, if they come to earth to teach the friend they have left behind, to stretch out the hand of warning and instruction to those who need it—will not this procure for the very worst among them some immunity? Is there nothing in this constant work of ministering which shall profit the souls who are performing it, or do they perform it as one vast, barren round of simple duty? Who asks the spirits to come? Who commands the spirits to come? What brings them? Love for you; tender, burning affection for those they have left behind. If they have carried with them that one impulse of affection, which thus permits them to return and seek your good, how can you suppose that their life is a stationary one? Oh, look upon the world's millions! Gaze only on the fragments of beings who are trembling here this night, and ask whether any condition of finality will satisfy the anxious minds that are now assembled. Ask whether your Almighty Father has bestowed upon you the thousand rainbow hues of different minds, different intellects, different faculties, different energies, different propensities, only to pass away one dull, vast routine of finality? What you are fit for, what you love best, where your attractions are centred—these will determine the state of your hereafter; these will be a part of the Hades in which you will dwell.

There is another question which we propose to consider—a question often put, prompted by the great variety of opinions that are constantly offered at the spirit circle. Where is this Hades? Where this mid-region of the dead? For what object, and by what means can they come to earth? Some tell you one story, and some another. In view of the contrariety of opinions that prevail upon this point, let us offer you one illustration; and we will find that the cause is one, though the effects are many. Twelve men depart for a distant land, and when they return, you receive the report of each. But what a strange diversity of opinion presents itself! The poet tells you of nothing but radiant skies and

glorious landscapes; the trader only speaks to you of the affairs of a trading community; he knows not of skies and landscapes, bubbling streams and murmuring brooks. So the artist, the painter, the musician, the trader, the saint, and the man of sin, all tell you of that which their own peculiar propensities induced them to observe. The saint will tell you of the churches, and the sinner will tell you of the haunts of vice; until at last you can find not one of the twelve who will agree with the rest, unless you step behind the effects to the cause, and find that every mind represents only that which the mind is capable of comprehending. You complain when you sit at the spirit circle, that the spirits are not agreed as to whether the domestic favorites, the fluttering bird and the faithful hound, are there. One tells you that he sees neither; he beholds only supernal seas, too glorious to translate into human language. Another tells you of houses, and lands, and animals, and every favorite with which you rejoice on earth. One tells you of sins, of vices and debauchery; and another tells you of those radiant homes, so blissful that your very soul goes forth in aspiration for the bright morning land. How shall you reconcile these contrarieties? Simply by referring them to the capacities which interpret them to the spirit land. If God is not only a Father, but a wise Father, he has placed you here in the nursery of souls, in the rudimental school-house of being, to take you out of it in good time, and place you in a condition for which you are not yet adapted. He has not stored up your minds with gifts and faculties and energies, merely to be wasted on a few fleeting moments of life, and then to be quenched forever. Every faculty will find its elaboration in spirit land. Oh! there are glorious temples of music, and poetry, and painting, and science; there are harps formed of the heart-strings of humanity, on which the bright fingers of the immortals play, until the music echoes back into every human soul, making them all harmonious. There are schools of design, of architecture, of buildings, of machines, of new inventions, of the beneficent and useful arts, the truths of which, time after

time, the poet, painter, artist, or musician, gathers up in his lonely study, as it comes filtered down through angel hands, until at last the cup is let down to the very lips of the mortal drinker, and in his own spirit he first conceives and shapes, and then elaborates and bodies it forth into matter. Where do these thoughts come from, if the types are not all in the eternal mind? If the great archetypes are not there, then men and spirits are creators, and we have yet to discover this fact. Oh! somewhere, everywhere, in the divine mind are all the possibilities of all things, and it only remains for the exalted spirit to elevate man into the wisdom sphere to drink of this fountain of inspiration, and bring it down, clear and pure, to the sons of earth. Aye, every fragment of science that here you learn, is one of the steps on which you shall ascend to the great culmination of perfected sciences in the better life; and every kindly affection that you here cherish, shall find its paradise and its realization in the glorious spheres of harmony where all is love. Oh! they tell you of a cold and cheerless heaven, where the saints in bliss can look down and enjoy the misery of those they have left behind. Tell it not to fathers, speak not of it to mothers. Ask if there is any paradise for them so precious as the little, low-roofed cabin, the humble hut, the poor, shabby room, where, in its cradle, the little one lies with its calm slumbers, watched over by the tender, patient, maternal eye, from long, weary night until morning, and from weary morning until night again, never satisfied until the little helpless being can run alone. Oh, this mother's love! this father's care! the one great redeeming point in the worst of human nature. Crush this out, and what do you leave to go to heaven? What do you leave to go to the better land with? All this must find its extension and elaboration in the better land. Aye, and there are systems of commerce there, too. There is a great bank in spirit land, in which every creature may invest; a bank, too, which ever honors its drafts. Not one is ever presented there, that does not receive its due with interest; the only coin that is paid out, is the interest upon

kindness; the only wealth that is there dispensed, is the wealth which the soul of love has laid up in the storehouse of good deeds. And there is poverty in spirit land — there is beggary there, starvation and want, and, alas! the want is the want of human love, and the beggary is for those attributes of kindness which man has failed to plant in kind deeds to his neighbor. Oh! there are misers in spirit land. There are men of yellow souls, that have hedged themselves up within a wall of gold, and they find that this gold grows into prison bars in spirit land. There are dungeons there, self-made dungeons, in which man has incarcerated himself by his own narrow, selfish purposes; self is the chain, and self is the prison bar, and the love of self, with all its columns, branching out into sensuality, avarice, or prodigality, — these are the cold and the darkness — these the worms that cannot die — these the fires that are not quenched. Such are the different conditions of spirit land, and over all, from the lowest to the highest, rides the triumphant car of progress, sounds the angel trumpet, Light, more light; and above all is the cry of echoing worlds, Come up higher, come up higher.

This is the central doctrine of modern Spiritualism. This is the central doctrine of the One of Nazareth. This is the signification of the teaching of the ancient Hades. This is the meaning of those various doctrines and contrarieties which the ancients entertained, and which, by analogy, they attempted to represent by the transmigration of souls; it is the soul's passage from one state to another. There is a hiatus occurring in the world's history in the last fifteen hundred years. To restore once again the revelation of the Most High; to bring down to earth the true knowledge which will promote and excite good deeds, noble acts, kind feelings and high thoughts among you; to lead you to work from the cradle to the grave, having in view throughout life this mid-region, this spirit land, where each one's sphere is determined by his past acts and deeds; — this is the true mission of modern Spiritualism. It is not to do the work for

you, for none can practice for you but yourselves. Spirits are not creators, and can neither make you good or bad. They cannot put into your hand or heart what is not there; they can only externalize that which exists, before unseen, and they offer you the very best prompting to a better, a truer, and a more harmonious life, by opening the gates and showing where dwell the Dead.

[The speaker here paused a few moments, and then proceeded.]

During the last three years many millions of human ears have listened to the tones of your speaker's voice. God alone can decide whether those tones have urged human souls deeper down in perdition, or whether they have raised them up. They have dried the tears from many, many eyes, bound up the wounds of many a bleeding heart; and all the light and all the knowledge, or all the evil and darkness, of which these lips have been the fountain, have proceeded from the sound of those raps.

[Here several raps were distinctly audible to every one in the hall.]

Four years ago the tones of the immortals now sounding in your ears, broke for the first time on the astonished ears of a stranger in your land. Every art, every science, was ransacked, to find out their meaning, and still they pointed to the living dead; still they sounded from Hades; still they spoke the language of suffering souls—some in bitter cold and miserable darkness, crying out for this human hand to help them; some in rejoicing and triumph; some in sweet bowers, and some in blissful homes; some in noble schools of science; some from master minds, long, long passed away, but still occupied in the beneficent task of elevating earth's millions to their own standpoint. That capacity of light and darkness, good and evil, the immortals came and sounded through these light taps.

Oh, friends! you must forgive the egotism of these remarks; they come to you from the welling soul of that love which desires that every human creature should be as happy as the

true spiritualist is happy. Cold and hungry, suffering from loss and adversity, the world's scorn and the world's anger, you may be; but the world die for you, and it may point in vain when your risen spirit is in that brighter part of Hades to which it has ascended, from the knowledge of where it was going, and how it would best obtain the highest place in the kingdom by good works and kind deeds.

Oh! bless the precious raps.

[Here the rapping previously alluded to, was repeated.]

Long may they sound on earth, to warn pilgrims of those dark and fatal systems which would drag them down to the cold, inanimate and dead doctrines, and the dread, senseless fears from which so many have revolted, to the still colder atheism that grows out of disgust for systems not taught by Jesus, nor justified in nature. We commend these sounds to you; and until ye have fully discovered what they are, until ye are able, from knowledge, to pronounce upon them, low as they may sound, and insignificant as they may seem, they are the trump that is calling the nations of the earth to its great millenium.

APPENDIX.

OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR A SELF-SUSTAINING INSTITUTION FOR HOMELESS AND OUTCAST FEMALES, IN WHICH THEY CAN BE EMPLOYED AND INSTRUCTED IN A PROGRESSIVE SYSTEM OF HORTICULTURE.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

THIS Institution is designed for the benefit of females, who, by misfortune or loss of character, are without homes, friends, protection, or means of sustenance. The design contemplated is a provision for the present needs and future usefulness of the utterly destitute, irrespective of character or station, in the hope of rescuing from temptation or present sin, all who seem compelled to starve, or resort to the streets for bread.

THE SPECIAL DESIGNS ARE,

First, To restore self-respect and a place in life to the fallen, a home to the destitute, employment and an available means of subsistence to the industrious.

Secondly, To remove friendless or outcast women from the temptation to sin for bread, until they can honorably provide for themselves; and, while it is claimed, some special effort should be made in behalf of the utterly fallen sisters of humanity, who have too long been passed by, or devoted to penitential or impracticable systems of reform, leaving them with the stamp of that degradation which precludes their re-entrance into the arena of honest labor; it is by no means proposed to render vice a necessary qualification for admission—prevention and timely succor, no less than cure, being the aim proposed.

Thirdly, In order to remove them from the struggle of ordinary competition, and qualify them with a specialty for superior merit, it is proposed to instruct them in the culture of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, upon the most matured scientific knowledge of the subject, with the design of aiding in sustaining the Institution by the sale of its products, and advancing the character of its members to such superior use and excellence, as will create a respectful demand for their services.

DISPOSITION OF TIME, AND MODE OF INSTRUCTION.

It is proposed to cultivate the lands of the Institution as exclusively as possible by the industry of its members ; to hire qualified instructors and assistants during the first period of organization, until some members shall have advanced to the capacity of teachers ; to give instruction in the theory and the practice of horticulture ; allot to each of the members, in turn, exercises in the routine of domestic duties, under a qualified matron ; to set apart stated hours each day for educational improvement, labor, repose, recreation, and meditation ; to consult the best systems of horticulture, chemistry, and kindred sciences, with a view of developing yet undiscovered resources in the art, and advancing horticulture to a degree of perfection not yet attained ; to stimulate moral, intellectual and physical effort by graduated degrees, and such rewards for superior excellence in the members, as the funds of the Institute will allow ; and to hold in prospective the formation of a horticultural school for females, not connected with the Institution.

DISCIPLINE.

Proposed, That the only discipline used shall be order, cleanliness, temperance, industry, and strict abstinence from stimulating drinks, and harsh language ; the encouragement, by precept and example, of intellectual emulation, and a universal spirit of sisterly equality, mutual forbearance and charity ; that the aim of every member shall be to live *only* for a progressive future ; that each day shall begin and end with music and reading of an elevating character, and that with every setting sun, each member shall be exhorted to forget and forgive each other the trespasses of the day, making present duties and future aims the only theme of conversation.

LOCALITY, GROUNDS, BUILDINGS, ETC.

Proposed, To purchase a suitable piece of ground in such a locality as may hereafter be determined ; to erect thereon a building capable of accommodating one hundred persons, with a view to provide for increase of members with increase of funds ; to carry on horticulture in all its

branches, both for the instruction and maintenance of its members, and to select the locality in the neighborhood of a large town and railway, with a view of facilitating a ready sale for produce.

MODE OF RAISING FUNDS, ETC.

It is proposed to raise the funds necessary for the purchase of ground, erection of buildings, laying in of stock, and support of the Institution, for the first, necessarily unproductive year or years, by donations, subscriptions, and collections, through individuals, societies, or public meetings convened for that purpose, commencing the work of organization, building, etc., as soon as a sufficient sum is collected to justify action.

IMMEDIATE ACTION.

All humanitarian persons are hereby solicited to forward such sums as they can contribute towards this object, to the Trustees, who will acknowledge the receipt of the same. The attention of clergymen is especially requested to this movement, and it is confidently hoped they will, by appeals to their congregations, and personal influence, aid this great humanitarian work. Builders, horticulturists, financiers, etc., are solicited to aid it by suggestion and advice; and every true-hearted man and woman is reminded that this is the world's movement, instituted for the relief of the most hapless and helpless of its ranks; proposing not only progressive action in a universally useful science, but to rescue many a fair and gifted victim from that despair and heart-agony which too often leads to starvation, a life of degradation, or an untimely death. The design contemplates no limit within the bounds of party, place, section or sect, and therefore claims from all humanity a humanitarian response.

The authoress of this plan proposes, as her share of the work, To qualify herself to become a teacher and co-worker with the members of the Institution in the theory and practice of horticulture; and in her present occupation as a public lecturer, to solicit subscriptions, and give her services as a lecturer in every town she visits, for the purpose of raising funds; handing over these sums to the Trustees; in a word, devoting time, talents and energies, to the preliminary work, and holding herself ready, at such time as the organization shall be completed, to become the strengthener and friend of the desolate ones for whom this refuge is designed. She proposes to bring an untarnished name, an example of resolute industry, purity of life, and singleness of purpose, to this work, and by standing amongst the fearful and falling, with outstretched arms, strong purposes, and loving heart, she hopes to

restore self-respect to the fallen, courage to the despairing, and faith in a noble and progressing future to all.

It is resolved to appoint Trustees in the different cities of the Union, when a sufficient interest is felt to aid this work ; such Trustees to hold the funds collected, receive subscriptions and donations, and aid the movement in every practical way, until there shall be a sufficient amount collected to commence the enterprise, when the authoress of this plan will call in those sums, and by the aid of suitable persons organized into a general committee of action, enter upon the purchase of lands, buildings, etc.

It is resolved that the members of the General Committee shall consist of donors of \$100, and upwards ; also, that the donation of \$1,000 and upwards, shall constitute the right of Direction, within limits to be hereafter decided on. Temporary Direction vested in the hands of the Trustees for the City of Philadelphia, who have contributed and retain the sum of \$500.

Trustees for Philadelphia—LOUIS BELROSE, 807 Chestnut street ; ISAAC RHEN, 917 Sansom street ; HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 510 Arch street.

Trustees for Providence—HON. JOHN M. BARTLETT, Secretary of State for R. I., Secretary's Office, Court House ; MRS. WM. CHASE, Pleasant Valley ; T. SEARLE, Esq., Ins. Agent, 7 Weybosset street.

Trustees for Portland—J. C. WOODMAN, Esq. ; R. I. ROBISON ; M. A. BLANCHARD ; N. A. FOSTER.

Trustees for Chicago—RUSSEL GREEN ; THOMAS RICHMOND ; JOHN GAGE.

Trustees for Boston, New York, and other cities, will be appointed from time to time.

Suggestions, Statistics, Counsel, Donations, or aid in any direction, to be sent in, either to the Trustees, as above, or to

EMMA HARDINGE,

8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

All donations will be acknowledged in the local papers, if desired.

MISS ADA L. HOYT'S CIRCLES,
 FOR
 SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS,
 AND
 COMMUNICATIONS WITH DEPARTED FRIENDS.

Miss HOYT, one of the best test Mediums in the United States, is at present located in Chicago, Ill., where all persons who are interested in investigating these phenomena of holding intercourse with their friends and relatives, who have departed this life, can now have an opportunity to test the merits of conversing with the "dead."

Miss HOYT has given public *Seances* at Kingsbury Hall, since her arrival in this city. Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, the Mayor of Chicago, presided over one of the meetings; and he held a lengthy conversation with various friends, and several of the ex-Mayors, who are in the *spirit land*. She wrote or rapped out responses to questions that were propounded to the spirits, by the audience, with astonishing rapidity and correctness. The audience acknowledged that communicating with those who have left the material form, is a *fixed fact*.

Our spirit friends are ever guarding and guiding us through this terrestrial life; and are endeavoring to impress upon our minds, that there is a happier and a better life beyond the *grave*.

[Miss ADA L. HOYT will give private sittings every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., at No. 24 Desplaines street, (a few doors south of Randolph,) Chicago, Ill.]

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SPIRITUAL TRUTHS.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE RELIGION.

Nothing is heartily believed that is said by others, unless it find a response from the soul-consciousness of the hearer.

A truth that relates to spiritual things can never be driven into a man from without. A capacity is developed in man for spiritual truths, or, what seems almost the same thing, truth is developed within and comes out of a man, as a rosebud unfolds its leaves and fragrance from within, outward. Unseen spiritual streams of power flow into the soul, and the soul, from its own God-given nature, produces its own truths, as the bee produces honey by its own God-given nature.

No spiritual truth can be forced upon the soul by external teachings, no more than the fragrance of another flower can be forced into a rose, and substituted for its own peculiar fragrance.

There is no such thing as spiritual culture coming from the teachings of another.

A soul conviction is the product of natural growth. A soul conviction is a soul truth — is a part of the soul. We hear a thought uttered by another; our souls respond, "How beautiful, how true is that thought!" The capacity for that truth, and more, that truth itself, is already developed in our souls; and it may be that, by some undiscovered law, our souls have helped produce its utterance in the speaker. Other souls, who hear the same thought, respond to its utterance, "How silly, how false!" Those other souls have no capacity developed for that truth; they have not that truth developed yet.

No man ever did, or ever can, interiorly accept religion from another man. Yet this may be, and is, outwardly done, and such acceptance is changeable and fleeting, like other external things.

A creed may be offered to me for acceptance, and I may outwardly accept it; but my *soul* does not accept it unless it is developed out of my soul; then its external presentation would be useless. Thus, to the soul of man, to that property of a man which is immortal, a creed, a belief, a doctrine, a religion, taught by another, is *nothing worth*. All religions, outwardly presented, outwardly taught, belong to outward things, not to the soul. All religions of this kind are good for material excellence, but for the soul are worthless. Such are religions of which men take cognizance.

All outward visible religions, all religions taught from books, from the pulpit, from the lips and pens of men and women, add nothing to the advancement of the soul heavenward, but tend to enhance the glory of material things. This seems right; for the soul grows just as fast and no faster, while we polish matter, as it does while we disintegrate, break up and destroy forms of material beauty. Our soul-desires, our heart-longings, are just the same, let our hands do what they will, let our semblance be what it will, let our outward garments of religion be white, black, or any tinge or color, as they may chance to be.

Our soul-desires cannot be altered by external religion, but, in defiance of any and all outward influences, make perpetually *one eternal longing for happiness*. This is religion — religion over which this outward world can have no influence. These desires are as much beyond our powers of control as was our birth — as is our immortality. They are the spontaneous productions of nature. Every desire is right, good, beautiful, true, to the soul out of which it proceeds. And every truth, as it becomes a part of the soul's intelligence, is developed out of

the soul itself, in which is sown the seeds of infinite knowledge, to germinate, grow, and unfold in fragrance and beauty, forever and forever.

Seeds always germinate in darkness. So it is of the truths which germinate in the soul. In his own bosom man finds his God, immediate; his heaven or his hell, located.

The sun sometimes looks red, while it is the rising vapors of the earth that tinge its pure rays. The sun goes down and the night comes — it is the earth's own shadow that makes the darkness. The sun sends off its generous rays the same in our night time as it does in our day time. It is the earth itself, held in nature's hand, that makes the sun look red, and white, and black.

So it is with the soul of man — its bloody vapors make a cloud through which he sees a bloody God — a God of vengeance. The soul has revolutions; it has day and night. In the day time God is bright and beautiful; light is reflected from every object, for everywhere his rays of love are seen to fall. The night of the soul follows the day of the soul. In its revolution it turns its back to God, and in the shadow of itself it sees *no* God; God is darkness; God is black. It is in this natural darkness of the soul that a religion for its own salvation is conjured up. This is right. *Love*, which simply is desire, acts through all life, lives to death, and through death, and is then immortal. *Love is desire — desire is religion*, and there is not, there never was, a desire of a human soul that to itself, and in itself, was not *pure love*. Through matter, and the smoke and fumes of matter, these loves are often clouded, and appear impure to *sensuous* vision — to limited perception. From the great source of Love uncounted streams flow out to human hearts in channels made by a Parent's impartial hand to all his own children. And when we shall see this spiritual influx, we shall see God's hand in every stream of love that flows to every human heart. Then we shall cease to say that the stream of God's love that flows to one heart is better than the stream of God's love that flows to another heart; that one religion is better than another religion. Religion is human desire, and desire is love, and love is beyond the accidents of time, because it is immortal — and every love, in time, or after time, to our perception,

Will be as pure and white
As beams of shining light.

From the filth of refuse matter, or from the cleanest things of earth, it finally rises up to God, and mingles with the radiant beauties of celestial worlds.—*A. B. Child.*

THE SOUL'S AUTHORITY.

Every individual must make his own soul the standard of authority in determining what is true or false in principle, and right or wrong in action. If we aim to do right, if our motives are approved by the highest convictions of the soul, although we may err in judgment and run into trouble, we shall never fall under self-condemnation. The God within us shall bring us into judgment, and if we stand acquitted before that inward tribunal, no other "judgment seat" shall have power over the happiness and destiny of the soul.—*Leo Miller.*

LIVING INSPIRATIONS.

If the story of Prometheus was once a fable, we are sure that in an important sense it is fabulous no longer. Invisible hands have rekindled immortal fires on our own altars, to warm the great heart, and to light up the face of Humanity. The relations of great thoughts and noble deeds to the realms of Spiritual causation are daily becoming more perceptible. Through all the inherent forces and essential laws of the celestial, spiritual and natural worlds, a Divine energy is infused, and Powers unseen speak in the inspired thoughts of living men, who sit like stars at the celestial gates.—*S. B. Brittan.*

A WORD ABOUT THE DEVIL.

"Is there anything unreasonable in the hypothesis that *Evil came from the Devil*? Does such a supposition detract from the majesty and goodness of God?"

ANSWER: These diabolical and theological questions may be, as they have been, met in the following style: If evil came from the devil, then the devil, in infusing evil into God's creature, acted either with God's consent or without it. If he acted with it, then of course God saw that it would not injure the creature, since He had methods of turning it all to the creature's superior profit, and so proving the devil a fool for his pains. If he acted without God's consent, then of course you give the devil not only a superior power to God, but a superior power over God's own work, or in the sphere of God's own activity. That is to say, you make the absolute creature of infinite Good confess himself the offspring of a deeper paternity—the paternity of infinite evil.—*A. J. Davis.*

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Speak the truth in love. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,—and thy neighbor as thyself. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.—*New Testament.*

RE-UNION OF FRIENDS.

Shall we know our friends again? For my own part, I cannot doubt it; least of all, when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from us here. Can life in Heaven do it? They live in our remembrance. Memory rakes in the ashes of the dead, and the virtues of the departed flame up anew, enlightening the dim cold walls of our consciousness. Much of our joy is social here. Must it not be so there, that we are with our real friends? Man loves to think it; yet to trust is wiser than to prophesy. But the girl who went from us, a little one, may be as parent to her father when he comes, and the man who left us, has far out-grown our dream of an angel when we meet again.—*Theodore Parker.*

SPIRITUALISM AND THE BIBLE.

The spiritual theory and spiritual communications maintain all the great and leading doctrines of Christianity. In regard to the Bible, I cannot better express my views than in the language of the Rev. Adin Ballou: "Whatever of divine fundamental principle, absolute truth, and essential righteousness there is in the Bible, in the popular religion, and in the established churches, will stand. It cannot be done away. On the contrary, it will be corroborated and fulfilled by spirit manifestations."—*Hon. N. P. Tallmage.*

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS,

With all the diagnostic and therapeutic suggestions required by patients, who may be examined at any distance, by forwarding a lock of their hair; also a letter written by the patient is desirable.

Dr. Hubbard has had extraordinary success in the treatment of diseases of patients residing hundreds of miles distant.

Come, all ye that are afflicted, and give him a call; rich, poor, great and small.

Dr. T. HUBBARD,

Office, 75 South Clark St., Chicago; Ill.

Residence, 118 Halsted St.

CAN SPIRITUALISM STAND ALONE?

In our humble opinion, it can. We would assume no sectarian importance, no arbitrary authority, no narrow-minded intolerance, no personal pride or conceit, no unfraternal spirit, and yet we would insist on asserting Spiritualism as adequate to cover the broad ground of all human needs, embracing all that is good and true in the past, present and future; the life of all progress, reform, philosophy, religion and revelation. Its foundation is laid in the great heart of humanity and on the Biblical facts of all ages and nations, while its dome rises over the loftiest empyrean of heaven, forming the boundless cathedral at whose altar God and the countless myriads of the eternal world are evermore ministering in behalf of man. With this view, we have no idea of compromising Spiritualism, or seeking to popularize it in the esteem of the opposing world or the fashionable church and clergy. We would cordially accept every sentiment dropped in harmony with it, but we are not disposed to count every man a Spiritualist who now and then drops a sentence in accordance with our philosophy. Take some of our so-called star preachers who are on fat salaries of thousands of dollars. Why fidget ourselves about whether they are Spiritualists or not? They are not, and they take every favorable opportunity to thrust at us. Spiritualism can live without these men or their church oligarchies. There is no such thing as putting and keeping new wine in old bottles. We repudiate all such temporizing policies. Spiritualism can and will stand on its own merits.—*Spiritual Register*.

THE SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION.

This new dispensation comes to supply the want to the countless thousands who are now slumbering in indifference or toiling in infidelity; to convict man of his immortality, and instruct him how to make it happy; to open to his view the great doctrine of progression, involving an eternity of action, and the supremacy of his reason over the besetting propensities of his material nature, and to impress upon him forever to love God and his neighbor.—*Judge Edmonds*.

MEDIUMS DEFENDED.

Mediums are our fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, neighbors and friends; most of them have become mediums contrary to their wish and will, and, in spite of the opposition of themselves and friends, the phenomena have appeared wherever they chose, and have, in each case, commanded attention and enforced conviction of their spiritual origin, until now, in the comparatively short space of ten years, Spiritualism has its millions of mediums and believers scattered over the wide world, in every nation and with every race of people.

There has been no collusion between mediums, and yet there is a remarkable likeness in all the manifestations wherever they occur, with whatsoever race of people, and in whatsoever language, and through the several phases of the manifestations. Beside, wheresoever they occur, and in the presence of persons who do not believe they are spiritually produced, the phenomena *claim* for themselves a spiritual origin.

We submit that the history of the phenomena fully vindicates the integrity of their mediums, and the hypothesis of deception offered in solution of them has ever been weak, malevolent, insufferably unjust, and we submit that it should forever be abandoned.—*Charles Partridge*.

And behold, there appeared Moses and Elias talking with him.—*Matthew*.

And I, Daniel, alone saw the vision; for the men that were with me saw not, but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves.—*Daniel*.

GREAT MINDS.

The world would run into endless routine; but the perpetual supply of new genius, out of the Cause of causes, shocks us with thrills of life. The chief day of Life is the day when we encounter a mind that startles us by its originality and force. Providence sends, from time to time, to each serious mind, six or seven teachers, who are of the first importance to him in that which they have to impart. The highest of these benefit not so much by what they have to communicate, as by their spirit and modes of feeling and thought.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Now, concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant.—*Paul.*

Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God.—*John.*

SPIRITUAL PLATFORM.

The spiritual platform is broad as the expanded universe and the unfolded heavens; and as *free*, as unhampered by sectarianism, as are the ethereal elements that fill immensity. We have no church, no creeds, no dogmatisms, to inculcate or maintain.

Truth is omnipotent. Therefore, it is sure that every sentiment, system of faith, or organization, must sooner or later pass through the trying ordeal. If it be sound, and founded upon immutable principles, it will forever stand; if false, it is surely destined to decay, to die and disappear.—*Hon. S. S. Jones.*

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings.—*Isaiah.*

The spirit entered into me when he spake unto me, and set me upon my feet, that I heard him that spake unto me.—*Ezekiel.*

VISION OF PROGRESS.

I stand beneath the beamings of a light which is almost darkness because of its intensity, and see from out that blazing sun a ray of truth and power that reaches each human spirit which has been, or which is to be; not calling, with audible voice, humanity into existence, but calling by the very exercise of its omnific power, the human race into being, and carrying them on, with eternal potency, through these eternal changes, unfolding, unfolding, unfolding, forever and forever.—*J. S. Loveland.*

The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom.—*A. J. Davis.*

I go away, and come again unto you.—*Jesus.*

I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh.—*Joel.*

SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

However far back we extend our researches into the depths of antiquity, we find no period so remote that this method of communicating with invisible intelligence does not seem to have existed; and its universal prevalence among the ancients seems indicative of a necessity, by a law of human nature, that some channel of supernal wisdom should be constantly open to man through which he might receive instruction, adapted to the ever-varying circumstances and exigencies of individual, social, national life.—*Wm. Fishbough.*

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

The Book of Life is composed of the human body and mind. The lids are made of the body, the folios of the mental faculties. Upon their leaves are written the many deviations of the individual from the path of rectitude. The recording angel is the Law of Right, or the central positive principle in Nature, which is harmony. The mark of transgression is upon the brow. The individual—the Book of Life—is immortal; it soon passes away to the Spirit Land. The record of misdirection appears on the living faculties; is manifest in their deformity and decrepitude—in their inability *immediately* to advance with the higher spirits upon the eternal highway of Love and Wisdom.—A. J. Davis, *Author of "Nature," "Divine Revelations," "Great Harmonia," etc.*

INDIVIDUALITY.

Each man's spirit is an eternal FACT—and to it, every other *fact* in the universe must eventually come. The exact point of time when each person "will be better," and do "greater works" than earthy ideal now prognosticates, will remain with the Law of progressive development to determine. But through the alembic of Reason—through the receptive vessels of man's consciousness—must flow every Truth, and every Fact, also, which a principle can possibly embrace. Each, therefore, should have his own Life—his own Liberty—his own Experience—his own Truth. To man's mind everything is subservient. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and profoundest principles, are all his own. To the Turk and Christian, to the Jew and Gentile, to the Serf and Emperor, to the Slave and Master—to each of these, all rights and all liberties will come at last. We know this in the depth of spiritual wisdom. Most grateful do we feel for the power to realize the fact, that influences are now being exerted, on all sides, for the amelioration of our universal race, and the establishment of individual Rights and Liberties.—*Herald of Progress.*

OWEN'S BOOK.

"Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World." By ROBERT DALE OWEN.

The sale of this book exceeded six thousand copies, within fifty days; and that out of forty newspaper notices, thirty-eight were of a favorable character, and some of them recommended the clergy to read it. Also, as a proof of the demand for such works by outsiders, or not acknowledged Spiritualists, over five thousand of the first edition were sold by non-Spiritualist book dealers.

Mr. Owen is preparing a second volume.

Sold by all of the principal book dealers.

GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

I believe that God is no respecter of persons, or times, or conditions. As he is the Creator of all things, thus he looketh with pleasure alike upon all. What we call good and evil are constantly before him, and lo! he saith, all is good.

God is all-wise, yesterday, to-day and forever; he cannot err. His wisdom is not that of mortals. The Record says: "God created all, and pronounced it good." And again it says: "There is *none good—not one.*" This proves the Record false—the *word of man*.

God never contradicts himself; his laws are harmonious, and you will see them so when you understand them. He does not say, obey me to-day and disobey me to-morrow. He commands obedience always. He bids you live in accordance with your nature, not with the *light* he has given another. Jehovah alone has the power of judgment, and you are not the judge of your fellow man. Everything is marked with God and goodness. There is nothing lost. Everything belongs to perfection, and thus to God.

AURORA BOREALIS.

[The following is a communication, received through a medium, from the spirits.]

"The Electric Fluid pervading the earth's atmosphere is excited and generated by the sun's rays, and consequently with the greatest force about the equator. From there it is dispensed throughout the earth's atmosphere.

"Heat evolves the fluid, while cold absorbs and retains it; therefore the fluid generated in excess about the equator, passes in direct lines toward the colder regions where it is not generated.

"While these currents flow without interruption, the fluid is not visible.

"When the atmosphere intermediate between the poles and the equator becomes excessively cold, the fluid is there absorbed, causing a deficiency at the poles. On the atmosphere becoming mild, the fluid rushes toward those parts where there is a deficiency, for electricity seeks an equilibrium as water does its level.

"Electricity can be seen only when active in excess; therefore it is that at the time of an Aurora, it becomes visible first at the point of greatest attraction, where its rapid absorption causes excessive action, and for this reason the flashes of light appear to pass from the polar regions toward the equator, or from that point where absorption first commences toward that furnishing the supply.

"Thus all the electric phenomena we witness, are caused by the fluid seeking an equilibrium.

"The same cause which induces the flow of electric fluid toward the poles, that of a want there existing, causes the effect produced upon the Magnetic Needle."

QUERY: May we not justly attribute the violent tornadoes, hail-storms, etc., that have occurred during the present season, to the very unusual electric commotion witnessed in our atmosphere last September?

DIVINE LOVE.

Enough that the Great Father loves *all* his children with an undying, inexhaustible affection, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown, and which sin itself has no power to diminish. Enough that all his providences tend invariably to some kind and degree of good, forever and ever. Our soul is made glad within us, and shouts with an interior joy for what unknown mercies must eternally be measured out, and what more than puny human thoughts are in the GREAT EVERLASTING LOVE.—*W. H. Fernald.*

THE SOUL OF MAN.

All religious denominations admit that man has within him a *something* that lives after the body is dead, though none of them are able to define it, or tell ought definitely concerning it; nothing about its shape here, the part of the body it occupies, or the form it bears after it leaves the body; yet they are continually talking about saving the soul. Spiritualism tells man what his soul is, then shows him how to save it, by bringing to his presence the realities of the future life, which is but a continuation of this. When the truth of Spiritualism is fully realized, it is not a *faith*, nor yet a *belief*, but a *knowledge*, that can never be taken away. There are four points on which all Spiritualists agree, however much they may differ in things which are mere matters of opinion, viz., Existence of Deity, Immortality of the Soul, Eternal Progress, and Spiritual Interchange. In these four short sentences there is embodied thought enough for a lifetime, opening wide the gateways of knowledge, and proclaiming to man his future destiny. It is a rule in nature, that a person, power or principle, cannot bestow that which it does not or has not possessed.—*A. B. Whiting.*

THE BARBARISM OF THE LORD!

Senator Sumner, in his speech on "*The Barbarism of Slavery*," says: "I have no personal wrongs to avenge; only a *barbarous nature* could attempt to wield that vengeance which belongs to the Lord." It is a flattering compliment at the expense of the "Lord."

But it appears that the Hon. Senator has a Lord, *with a vengeance*. However *progressive* he may be in his political theories, his "Lord" is decidedly behind the times. Although without doubt, his conceptions of God were received from the orthodox teachings of ancient superstitious fears of a revengeful and personating Deity.

FREELOVISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

A disconsolate correspondent inquires, Cannot Spiritualism be separated from the doctrines of Free-lovism?

ANSWER: We have never been able to detect any connection between the theory of Spiritualism and the so-called doctrines of Free Love.

The two are essentially different; both in their facts and in their teachings. The former, Spiritualism, is a beautiful science of Future individual life, based upon countless monumental facts of undoubted intercourse between human beings and the spirits of the departed; while the latter, Free-lovism, is a social theory, entertained and practiced by persons both honest and dishonest, that conjugal love between the sexes should be regulated by affiliative inclinations only.

That there are many openly avowed Free-lovers, who are also Spiritualists in belief, we do not for one moment deny. But we have repeatedly affirmed, as susceptible of every proof, that Spiritualism is not responsible for the existence of Free-lovism, nor can the teachings of Spiritualism be made to sustain any unholy conduct on the part of its advocates. We have confidence that every justice-loving and candid mind, whether friend or foe to the cause of Progress, will exercise judgment and discrimination on the difference between Spiritualism, *per se*, and Free-lovism, *per se*, both with respect to their theories and their practical influence in society. Because the effect of Spiritualism is universally *liberalizing*, and because it lovingly and hopefully enfolds all mankind in its hospitable embrace, are we thence to conclude that all *extremisms* and every *error* of its adherents are legitimate fruits of the spiritual soil? Spiritualism is a science by itself, and its facts are facts by themselves, and as such the doctrine should be studied and weighed in the balance of reason.

Of Free-lovism we say the same. It is a theory by itself, and its legitimate practices are practices by themselves in the social fabric, and we believe that as such they challenge the most thorough examination. The facts of Free-lovers should be fearlessly met, and their arguments should be squarely weighed, in the limpid light of principles. All petulance and intolerance will prove inefficacious. We have many times urged our objections to the doctrines of Free-lovers. They know full well that we do not fellowship their theories, and that much of their practice we unutterably abhor. But they also know that we advocate free discussion, and justice to opponents, and on this ground we admit all subjects to our columns. Free speech is the inalienable prerogative of every human mind.—*Herald of Progress*.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

This book, by A. B. Child, M. D., Boston, Mass., is now ready, and will be sent to single orders, post paid, for one dollar, and to dealers at a liberal discount. It is a peaceful book, yet it is bold and fearless in its utterance. It is a curiosity, for it presents new and startling thought. It is replete with assertions that seem hard to controvert. It presents a religion with which the natural desires of every soul have a strong affinity. If the position taken by the book be true, it presents to humanity a *new* religion more beautiful than language can express.

MORAL CONSEQUENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

By reasoning, practical study, and observation of facts, Spiritualism confirms and proves the fundamental basis of religion, namely :

The existence of an only, omnipotent God, creator of all things, supremely just and good.

The existence of the soul ; its immortality, and its individuality after death.

Man's free will, and the responsibility which he incurs for all his acts.

Man's happy or unhappy state after death, according to the use which he has made of his faculties during this life.

The necessity of good, and the dire consequences of evil.

The utility of prayer.

It resolves many problems which find their only possible explanation in the existence of an invisible world, peopled by beings who have thrown off the corporeal envelope, who surround us, and who exercise an increasing influence upon the visible world.

It is a source of consolation :

By the certainty which it gives us of the future which awaits us.

By the material proof of the existence of those whom we have loved on earth, the certainty of their presence about us, the certainty of rejoining them in the world of spirits, and the possibility of communicating with them, and of receiving salutary counsels from them.

By the courage which it gives us in adversity.

By the elevation which it impresses upon our thoughts in giving us a just idea of the value of the things and goods of this world.

It contributes to the happiness of man upon the earth :

In counteracting hopelessness and despair.

In teaching man to be content with what he has.

In teaching him to regard wealth, honor, and power, as trials to be more dreaded than desired.

In inspiring him with sentiments of charity and true fraternity for his neighbor.

The result of these principles, once propagated and rooted in the human heart, will be :

To render men better and more indulgent to their kind.

To gradually destroy individual selfishness, by the community which it establishes among men.

To excite a laudable emulation for good.

To put a curb upon disorderly desires.

To favor intellectual and moral development, not merely with respect to present well-being, but to the future which is attached to it ;

And, by all these causes, to aid in the progressive amelioration of humanity.—
Allan Kardec, Editor of the "Revue Spirite," Paris.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ?—*David.*

Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out.—*Job.*

A Judge Prohibited from Partaking of the Body.

Judge W——, traveling in the State of Iowa, remained over Sunday in a small town less than a hundred miles from Lyons, and attended church. At the close of the forenoon service, the divine announced that he would administer the "Lord's Supper." When distributing the bread and wine to the people, he stepped to the Judge and softly whispered : "I am not certain whether you belong here or not." "Well," said the Judge, coolly, "I understood *you* to say it was the *Lord's Supper*, and thought I would take you at your word, and partake ; but if it is a small *PRIVATE party of your own*, I will not intrude !"

A HOPE FOR ALL!

The Rev. T. K. Beecher says: "The doctrine of the final restoration of *all* has a home in the best corner of my heart; and when I reflect," said he, "that God is *able to do* above what we can *think or desire*, I can but believe that such will be the grand result."

Thus do the Beechers dispose of the Pagan dogma — an *endless hell*, — begotten in ignorance, cradled in Asia, and transmitted to us through a corrupt Catholic priesthood.

WHEN WAS THAT LAW ANNULLED?

Most religious sects believe there was a time when spirits returned to earth, (their sacred writings are full of many such instances,) but they say the day of such revelations has passed away, though that same book says: "God is unchangeable, and his laws immutable; the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." So if there was a law by which a spirit could communicate eighteen hundred or four thousand years ago, that same law is in full force to-day.

ETERNITY.

Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying and undying, the endless chain, compassing the life of God — the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourn. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. — *Banner of Light*.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.

There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz.:

1. They work more, and develop all the leading muscles of the body.
2. They take exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen from the pure atmosphere of heaven.
3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.
4. They do not overwork their brain as much as professional men.
5. They take their sleep commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn day into night.
6. They are not so ambitious, and consequently do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the contest of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are simple, and less exhausting.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

An old man once said, "For a long period I puzzled myself about the difficulties of Scripture, until at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like *eating fish*. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat?" — *Christian Advocate*.

[QUERY. What passage contains the nutritious meat? What one religious denomination terms meat, another calls *bone*; therefore the so-called "World's People," — judging from the orthodox religious interpretations — have great difficulty in distinguishing the meat from the bone.]

Resolutions of the Spiritual Conference recently held at St. Charles, Illinois.

Hon. S. S. Jones, President, offered the following resolutions, *not* for adoption by vote, but as the crystallization of thoughts upon the subject therein embraced, viz.:

Resolved, That freedom of thought, and the free expression thereof — or *inspiration* and *revelation* — are inestimable privileges and inalienable rights, belonging alike to every intelligent being.

2. *Resolved*, That the past, with all its darkness and errors of every age, was *goodness* in degree, and in accordance with the highest lights then beaming into the minds of humanity; and the traditional and written history thereof seem as beacon lights to mankind at the present time, to guard them from the shoals, quicksands and coral reefs upon which others have foundered: That we should not cling to them, nor follow in their pathway, any more than the branches of the tree should be the trunk, or the flowers the twigs upon which they grow, but that each free-born mind should reach out for higher conceptions of truth, new fields of action, and more independence, even to perfect freedom.

3. *Resolved*, That blind submission to precedents, immemorial usages, customs, popular opinions, conventionalisms, or books of authorities, is only worthy of those who still live in the darkness of the past, whose shadows still loom up in the moral West with blasting influence upon the body politic, giving man authority and precedent for every evil deed, but which are being rapidly dispelled by the effulgent rays of the great central luminary, WISDOM.

4. *Resolved*, That a blind submission to any church, creed, or confession of faith, or the pledging of allegiance to any stated opinions of any one man or body of men, is a dismemberment of the right arm of individuality, and crippling to all those higher faculties which are especially ennobling to humanity.

5. *Resolved*, That in all things the rights of females are as sacred as those of males; that their opinions, when founded in like wisdom, are as worthy of being respected, and their privilege of a full, perfect, and free expression of opinions, is an inalienable right; consequently, any attempt, by whatsoever means, to restrict such privilege, is an unwarrantable assumption of power unbecoming an enlightened people.

LIBERALISM.

As illustrative of a growing liberality, we would refer to the recent invitations of the Revs. Clark and Beecher to the communion service. The Rev. Mr. Clark, a venerable orthodox divine, having referred to the broken body and flowing blood of our Saviour, as symbolizing his sufferings and martyrdom in attestation of the truths he had taught, invited all, "ALL," of whatever name or fold (this would include Universalists, Unitarians, etc.,) in christendom, "that loved the Lord Jesus, and endeavored to live *christian lives*, to partake of the sacramental bread and wine." This savors but little of the spirit that characterizes "*close communion*" Baptist churches — a spirit which when literally translated signifies my *church*, my *creed*, my *sect*, my *Jesus*, my *Heaven*, and that of such meagre dimensions as to accomodate only the "*ELECT*" — a self-conceited, selfish *few*!

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

If God dislikes a portion of mankind, *why* did he *make* them?

If God loves one man more than another, where is his *impartiality*?

Do we need *confidence* in that power that made us, and still rules and sustains us, to believe, to *know*, that all things are for our good?

SPIRITUALISM has been called a *humbug*, and within the past twelve years it has made a great *hum*! now let us find the *bug*!

BRIEF EXTRACTS,*From Dr. A. B. Child's Book, "Whatever Is, Is 'Right.'"***What is Nature?**

Nature is all space and all matter — all, a million times told, that our feeble consciousness can yet grasp; all life, and the manifestations of life; all that has passed, all that is, and all that ever will be. Nature, we conceive, is the manifestation of Infinite Power, Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Perfection; it is the product of undefined harmony and unutterable beauty.

What is God?

All that we know of God is made manifest to us in nature. Beyond this we know nothing of God. We say that God is infinite in power, in wisdom, in presence, in love, in goodness. In every thing we may recognize the spirit of God, and in the nature of all things we have a limited sense of what God is. There is no place, no space, no thing, where God is not. There is no power that is not God's power; no condition that is not God's condition; no presence that is not God's presence; no love that is not God's love; no goodness that is not God's goodness. Evil has no place in God, so it must be nowhere.

What is Religion.

Religion is the natural desire of the soul; a desire for something that the soul does not possess. Every desire is religion to the soul that produces the desire. Desire is a wish, a longing for something not yet possessed. Whatever the desire may be, whether it is called good or bad, that desire is the natural religion of the soul that develops the desire. Religion is natural and inevitable; it is a property of human life. Nature governs and directs it; the soul produces it.

What is Death?

To life there is no death. Life can never die. All life inevitably lives for ever. Life is spirit that produces matter that clothes life; which matter, when ripened and matured, falls from the thing of life like leaves that fall from the living tree. What we call death is but the falling off of the flesh, blood, and bones from the beautiful spirit of enduring life.

What is Life?

Life is spirit. Spirit is a property of eternity; all life, both vegetable and animal, we conceive, is immortal. No life can ever cease to be. Life makes matter appear animated when in it, and when it goes out again, matter appears dead. All we know of life is its manifestations through materialism, which afford us but a faint knowledge of its reality. What is life? It is impossible to tell by the aid of material philosophy; intuition, without the aid of words alone, can answer. Life is spirit, and spirit is immortality; and immortality is life — is spirit.

What is Intuition?

Intuition is spontaneous thought, developed by natural growth of soul, independent of all external influences; it is the tacit persuasion of the inner being; it is the positive knowledge of the soul that comes from whence we know not. It is the volition of truth; it is the light of spiritual realities; it is the bright and morning star that is rising in the spiritual firmament now; it is the monitor of the soul, and by it the soul learns its first lessons of eternal truth, and through eternity shall never cease to learn.

What is Human Reason?

It is one of the guardian angels of our material existence; it is the product of the soul acting through matter; it can control material things, not spiritual things; it is an effect of the soul that is allied to material philosophy, and with the material things of earth will sometimes give place to the higher development of intuition.

What is Infidelity?

Infidelity is to me that which another believes, and that which I do not believe. If I believe in one creed only, I am infidel to all other creeds; if I believe in two creeds, I am less infidel; if I believe in all creeds, I am not infidel at all. So the greatest infidel believes that only one creed is right, while he that is not an infidel at all, believes that every creed is right;—believes that every creed is an effect of a lawful cause that exists in nature.

What is Hell?

Hell is suffering. Its conditions are contention and war; a conflict and a struggle for happiness; a desperate fight with the dark phantom called Evil; an unmitigated war with the shadow of matter called the Devil, who was never yet seen with sensuous eyes or with spiritual eyes. Hell is a soul-conflict, which is the effect of soul growth; it is a struggle between the material and the spiritual world; it is a breaking of earthly affections, and a rising of the soul out of the darkness of the material, to the light and beauty of spiritual life.

Where is Hell?

In the bosom of the sufferer, always. It may be anywhere, it may be everywhere, where suffering is. There is no avenue of earth where suffering does not exist.

What is Heaven?

Heaven is rest of the soul. All that is peace, harmony, joy, happiness, is heaven; all that presents evidence of right and good; all that evinces wisdom, order, design in the plan of creation, are emanations of beauty that make up the atmosphere of heaven, which every soul in heaven breathes. Heaven is a condition of the inner man, that sees goodness and right in everything; order, design, harmony, and beauty existing in all places and conditions throughout the universe of God. Heaven is that condition of soul which feels that *whatever is, is right*.

Where is Heaven?

Christ has said that "the kingdom of heaven is within us." There is no place to look for heaven, except it be within the longing, throbbing soul. If anywhere, there heaven is, and each soul for itself finds it there. Heaven is everywhere, is anywhere where the soul is in peace, in harmony, and in love with all existence.

How do we get to Heaven?

By the natural process of soul-development; by suffering and conflict; by the power of the laws of God acting in nature. Never by our own efforts.

Is Public Opinion Right?

It is always right, for it is a lawful effect of a natural cause. Thus every opinion is right. Public opinion is always right for that condition of the public mind that produces and supports it.

Who are the Followers of Christ?

Those who drink the cup of bitterness to its dregs; those who suffer in the gardens of earth; those whose earthly existence is crucified; those who bind up the bleeding wounds of a suffering humanity; those who eat with publicans and sinners; those who commune with devils and with angels; those whose affections are set on spiritual things that endure, more than on things of earth that perish; those who recognize a power that transcends the boundaries of matter, and reaches out to grasp the limitless beauties that are prepared and waiting for them in the many mansions of their heavenly homes.

Is one Man superior to another Man?

In his physical being he may be. He may weigh more; he may have more money; he may have more of the philosophies of matter; he may have handsomer morals and a cleaner earthly religion; he may have a handsomer face and form, a handsomer dress; he may cheat more legally and trade more shrewdly; he may talk more fluently and write more elegantly; he may live in a handsomer house and repose more comfortably in the arms of luxury. In all these earthly things, and a thousand more of a kindred nature, one man may be superior to another; but all this superiority is like the superiority seen in the

——— “track of feet,
Left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their marks shall vanish from the sand.”

The soul of one man is not superior to the soul of another man, for if one possesses the properties of eternal life and unending progress, the other also does. These properties, when recognized, put an end to the thought of superior and inferior, as applied to the beautiful soul. Hence one man is not superior to another man.

PHENOMENA OF LIFE.

Whereas the phenomena of Life has bewildered minute philosophers of all ages, many of whom have given to the world vague and irrational impressions which have not been sustained by existing facts; a natural human credulity which has given a repressible bondage for ages, while the lovers of power have sanctified every error. We dare to present to mankind a rational hypothesis, derived from existing facts. We all admit that the material or solid matter of bodies is composed of earth and water, volatilized into vegetable and animal kingdoms. We know this fact, that vegetable and animal solidity decomposes, and again returns to its primeval elements. We naturally feel inquisitive as to where is that Life and Mind which occupied the tenement; how did it come, and where has it gone? I answer, first, The sun's rays of light and heat evolving from his radiant body, quickening inanimate to animate life, which is the soul of the world, constantly shining on our orb, with a transit of incalculable speed, filling immensity with his rays, having the element of life, vivifying all matter, “breathes into its nostrils the breath of life.” If the material bodies of our earth return to their native element, why not the soul, which has descended, when its work is finished, tender back, from necessity, to its Almighty Giver, that which is only lent? Is it more impossible to ascend than descend? Do not the waters of our earth ascend in vapors through the Father of the Universe? then why not a more subtle fluid? Is there evidence of a more munificent being? Are we to reject a positive fact for vague conjecture? Our conscious existence demands our gratitude and admiration that so pure an element for our use should not be contaminated nor reverted from its unsullied purity.

We feel as if that awful necessity, Death, had lost its terrors to the philosopher and the virtuous. How beautiful to contemplate a body lying prostrate, dead, which was propelled by an imponderable vitality. We see the body, but, alas! no reason, no speech, to interest us. That which was everything that

was engaging, has left the tenement. We look, we hope, in vain to see that body erect. We have philosophical evidence of the eternity of matter visible, then why should not that, though invisible, which moves visible matter, be also eternal? We may ask, have we, like the lower animals, instincts? We have, and mankind will never be in the glory of manhood, until every attribute shall harmonize in each one's self; I in God, and God in me; then indeed shall we in truth say we are the sons of God.—*John Ludby.*

WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS DONE.

Before the advent of Spiritualism, the masses of the people lay in spiritual night. Zion was mournful and desolate, watching in vain for the Millennial morn to break. The multitudes plodded on with no certain light of the future. Children huddled in silent awe over the dead. Death was a blinding, frightful mystery. Homes sounded hollow with the wail and woe of bereaved hearts. Marys watched lonely at the sepulchre, but no resurrection morn dawned on their tear-dimmed eyes. Young men and maidens, aged and middle-aged, mourners all, hung desolate over grave-yards and blasted hearth-stones, calling for the dear departed; and the dying lifted their wan hands and faces towards that dread unknown from whose bourne no traveler had supposed to return.

Hark! sounds were heard. They came again and again. From home to home they vibrate, till oceans and continents are crossed, till every ear is startled, till the whole globe trembles as beneath shocks of some celestial battery, touched by the fingers of Omnipotence, flashing the electric flames and rolling the thunder of Sinai over the angel-trod mountain tops of the century. Messages came, startling the world with overwhelming evidences of immortality. The weary, working masses lift up their eyes with joy and wonder, and new hopes gleam on their toiling way. The young crouch in terror no more, but talk of brothers and sisters only gone on before; and the orphan sees a dead mother transformed into a guardian angel, watching over the lone one by night and day, and singing songs of the everlasting home. Young men and maidens trip on their gladsome way, with new hopes and loves. The lost son of the lone widow comes back, and wipes away her tears with hands reached out from the spirit land where the prodigal shall wander no more. Fathers and mothers, and the long train of mourners who wept and wailed over the dead, now lift their faces heavenward; and lo! the veil is parted by beloved ones, and the home of "many mansions" hymns to earth the song of angel-loves forever sheltered beneath that Father's dome, where no clouds lower or storms beat on the bared soul. Old men and women, tottering over the grave in despair, start up on their staves, bend low their eager ears; and, lo! the dear departed of other years come back, and guide their trembling steps up the mount of God, where age blooms in eternal youth, and the sainted dead are gathered to their fathers.—*Uriah Clark.*

THE SPIRITUAL THEORY.

The backbone of the whole theory of spiritual existence in every school is, that there is immanent with man a spiritual essence, which, while the body exists, forms a part thereof, and when it decays, still remains and continues to exist, under such change of conditions as the death of the body has induced. Under this theory, it is fair to infer, that the spirit which has been set free from the body of one person by death, and continues its existence in the distinctive spiritual state, is but an emanation from the structure of the body which it once inhabited, and possesses the same general character, as an entity, with that which resides in the body of another person now remaining on the earth. That the spirits in their disembodied condition can communicate with those in the flesh, is, therefore, as easy to conceive as that they can do so with their ethereal companions, since, in both states or spheres, they partake of the same generic constitution; and whatever differences there are between them, are due not to the different elements of their nature, but to the different states and degrees in which their common nature is developed.—*Geo. Beckwith.*

SPIRITUALISTS IN AMERICA.

Maine	50,000	Louisiana	20,000
New Hampshire	25,000	Arkansas	3,000
Vermont.....	30,000	Ohio	200,000
Massachusetts	150,000	Michigan	80,000
Rhode Island.....	10,000	Indiana	60,000
Connecticut.....	30,000	Illinois	100,000
New York.....	420,000	Wisconsin.....	80,000
New Jersey.....	6,000	Iowa	26,000
Pennsylvania	40,000	Minnesota.....	4,000
Delaware	3,000	Missouri.....	32,000
Maryland	9,000	Kansas	2,000
Virginia	10,000	Nebraska.....	2,000
North Carolina.....	5,000	Florida	1,000
South Carolina.....	3,000	Texas	25,000
Georgia	7,000	California	40,000
Kentucky	11,000	Oregon	2,000
Tennessee.....	22,000	New Mexico.....	2,000
Alabama.....	8,000	Cuba	1,000
Mississippi.....	20,000	South America.....	20,000
The Canadas.....	42,000		

Total number of believers.....1,600,000

Increase during the year..... 160,000

Nominal believers.....5,000,000

Spiritualists, Eastern continent..... 800,000

Number now living, supposed to recognize the fact of spirit inter-
course.....15,000,000

Population of the United States.....30,000,000

Christian communicants.....5,000,000

Non-professors out of the Ark of Safety, whom Spiritualism seeks
to save.....25,000,000

Entire population of the globe.....1,000,000,000

Professing Christians..... 50,000,000

Supposed to be genuine Christians..... 5,000,000

Of doubtful destiny, according to orthodoxy..... 995,000,000

—*Spiritual Register.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Watcher on the tower, what of the night?" Are not the mists flying, the day dawning, and the *signs* cheering? Ancient systems are crumbling in ruins, as are those old cathedrals on the banks of the Rhine. Our poets, mortal heroes, and representative *men*, have literally outgrown them.

Creeds, I confess, have their use; so does chaff; so do husks; but when truth's harvest-moon ascends eastern skies, leading on starry hosts of *Reformers*, the husks are stripped off to perish. Sectarian Christianity is now making a last spasmodic effort.

It is in the very agonies of a death-struggle, passing away with a "great noise." Superstition can only sit now and growl at those who pass his "castle of despair." Blind credulity is fast losing its victims. European king-craft, and American priest-craft, are conscious of having seen their palmiest days; while *custom*, the mighty foe of progress, and huge giant of the past, is losing his power; his arms have become palsied; his teeth chatter in his bony head, and his breath is chilled and icy, a certain prophecy of speedy death—a death from which, through endless ages, there can be no resurrection.—*Rev. J. M. Peebles.*

RIGHT AND WRONG.

The readers, previous to perusing this subject, will endeavor to divest themselves of all antecedent creeds, dogmas and opinions, and appeal to the *free* and untrammelled flow of *Reason*, which God has implanted within our souls. Reason is the only God that governs, controls and establishes the *idea* of the true origin and destiny of mankind in the mind of *Man*. Therefore, it becomes necessary to receive the Free thoughts and impressions that may appeal to your *soul*. Consequently, you should not form and record any hasty opinions or judgments, which will undoubtedly arise in such minds as have previously and do at present hold and believe in opinions given by leaders of sects and creeds.

Believe in the Eternal God. Breathe the pure atmosphere of Heaven. Walk in the fields of Nature. Partake of the murmuring waters that flow from the Silvery Fountain. And, Record the silent tide of inspiration that glides from the fountain of Reason.

We often *judge* the acts of our neighbors, but have we a *right* to?

What makes a thing *right* — that is, we call certain things *right* and certain things *wrong*, but what makes them so?

By what means can you tell whether a thing is *right* or *wrong*? that is, what is your standard of *judgment*?

What assurance have you that what you suppose is *right* or suppose is *wrong*, really is so?

If there is any *wrong* in the *universe*, who is the *author* of it?

If you could see everything from the standpoint of the Deity, that is, having infinite wisdom, do you think that you would see any *wrong* in the *universe*?

We usually judge between *right* and *wrong*, from the standard of our *conscience*, which is supposed, by many, to be the internal, reliable self-knowledge, or the faculty, power or principle within us, which approves or disapproves of our own *actions*, thoughts, conduct and affections — instantly, or as soon as our reflective faculties reconsider the subject. Now, gentle reader, permit us to ascertain the *origin* and *basis* of our *conscience*, or the motive power which dictates, governs, controls and underlies that principle termed *conscience*. If man was left *free* to exercise and enforce his thoughts or impressions, that Mother Nature willingly and freely grants to him, then his conscience could be considered a wise, reliable and righteous judge. But as man is not allowed to exercise and enforce his freedom of thought, being bound by laws, creeds and dogmas of a tyrannical nature, his conscience conforms to and with such secondary laws; consequently, his conscience is nothing more or less than a *slave* to his much-boasted freedom and superiority.

What does conscience assume for its standard to-day, in pronouncing judgment?

We will inform you, that the standard is the material or superficial laws that have been introduced, inculcated and instilled into the human mind. Therefore, conscience judges from those laws. To elucidate it more clearly to the investigating mind, we will state that some consciences judge and form an opinion from those laws enacted and enforced by *Moses*; others, from those laws established by *Jesus*; others still, from the laws that have existed within the past century, including the *blue laws* of the New England colonies; yet others, judge from the laws that exist and are in force throughout our land at the present day. Now a majority of those laws are in direct antagonism with each other, hence the true cause of the diversity of opinion with the masses to-day; each man's *conscience* judges from its habits and the opinions that have surrounded and influenced the mind. Therefore, we enter a *solemn* protest against accepting of, or being governed by our consciences, when they have been kept in subjection and submission by the foregoing enumerated influences. Now allow us to propose a remedy to check and remove the cause and hindrance of the mind or soul's development. Let every member of the human family discard all antecedent *doctrines*, *creeds*, *dogmas* and *opinions*, then appeal to the Reason which God has given to MAN, and view things in accordance with the light that is set before him by NATURE, which has pointed out the way and bids you proceed and follow the dictations of a free and untrammelled *conscience*.

REASON, that is the word; aye, that is the motive power that will carry you safely along over Nature's pathway to the *garden of Paradise*, where the unfettered soul will continue to unfold in wisdom and goodness.

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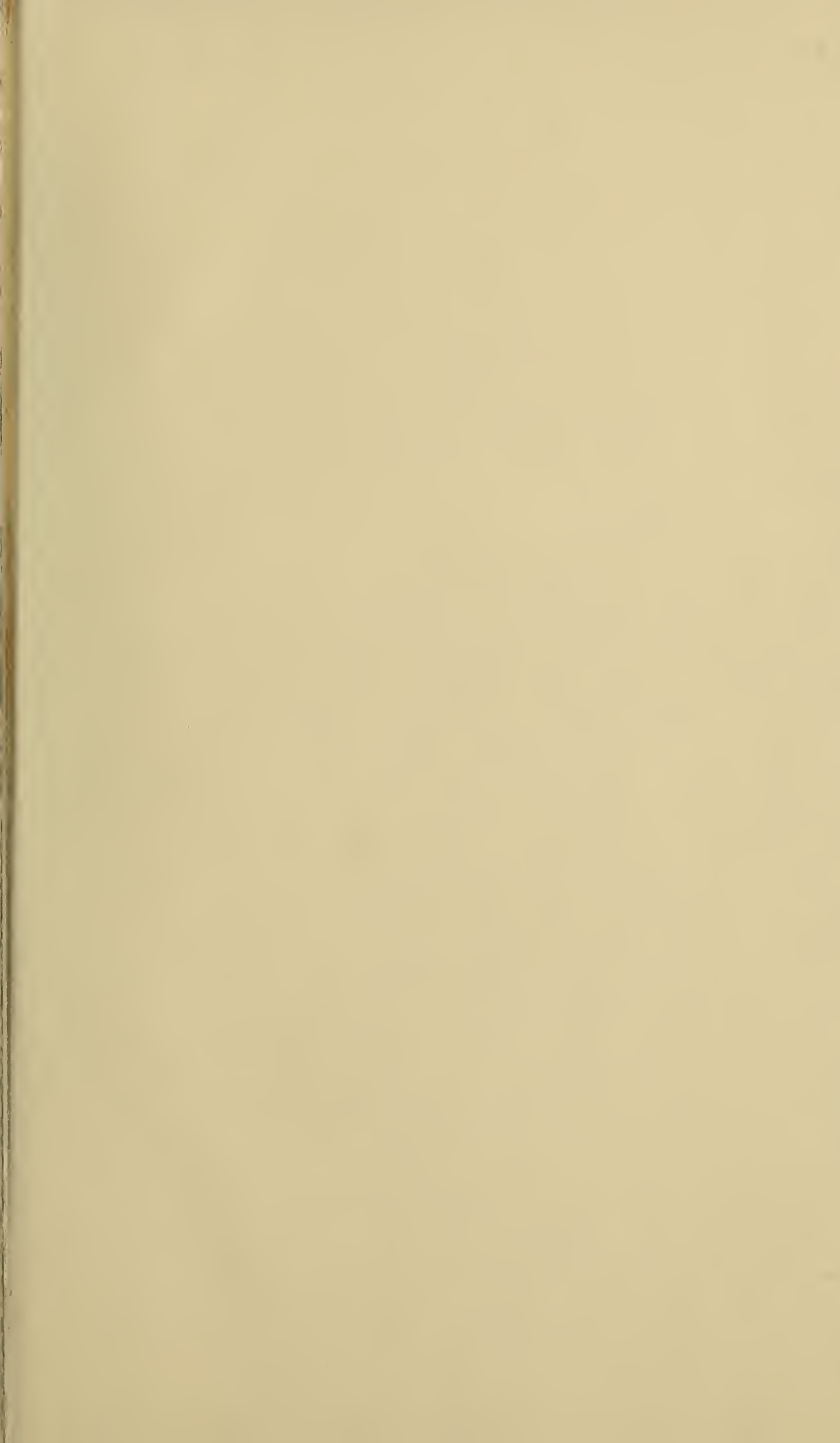
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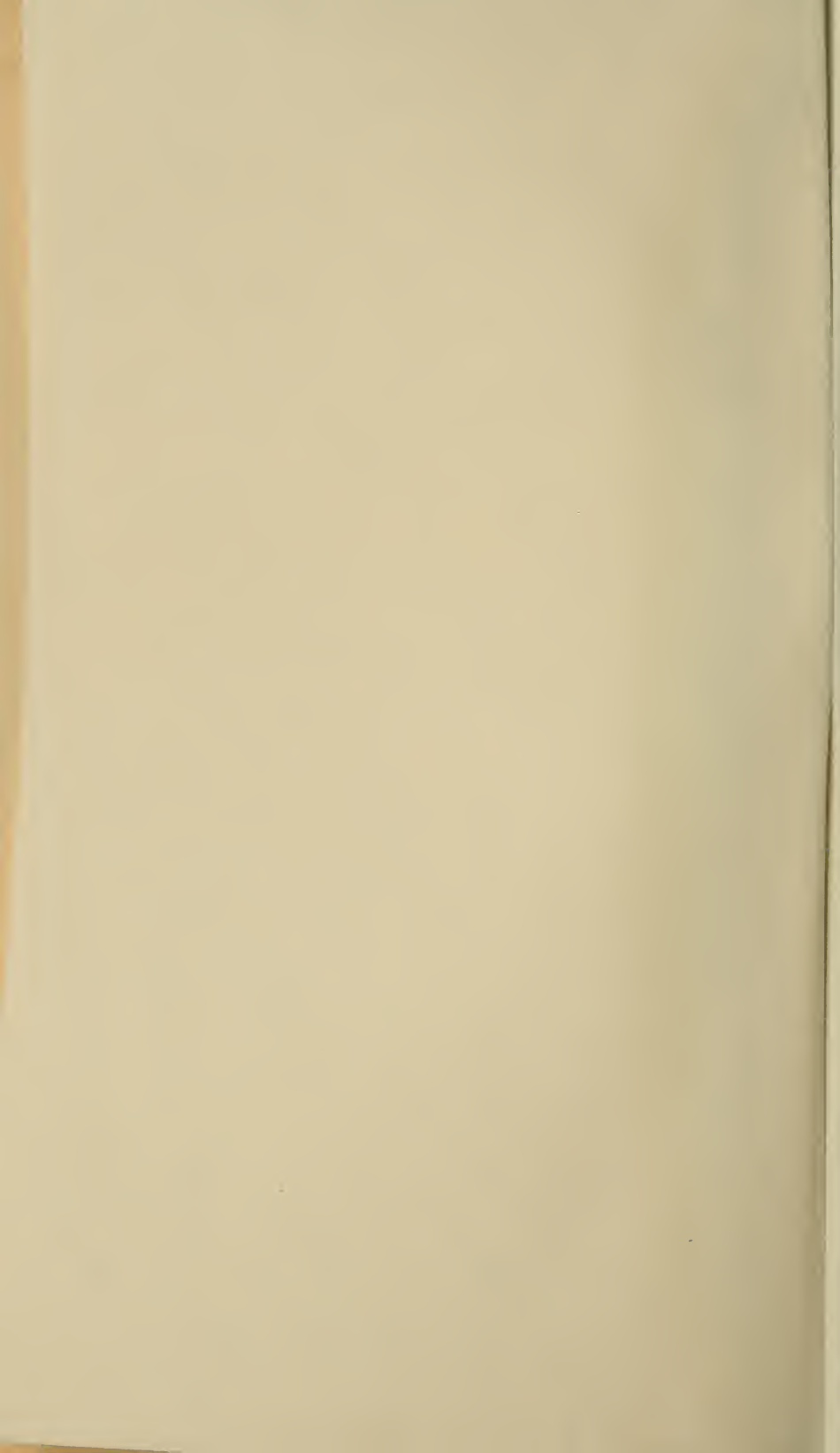
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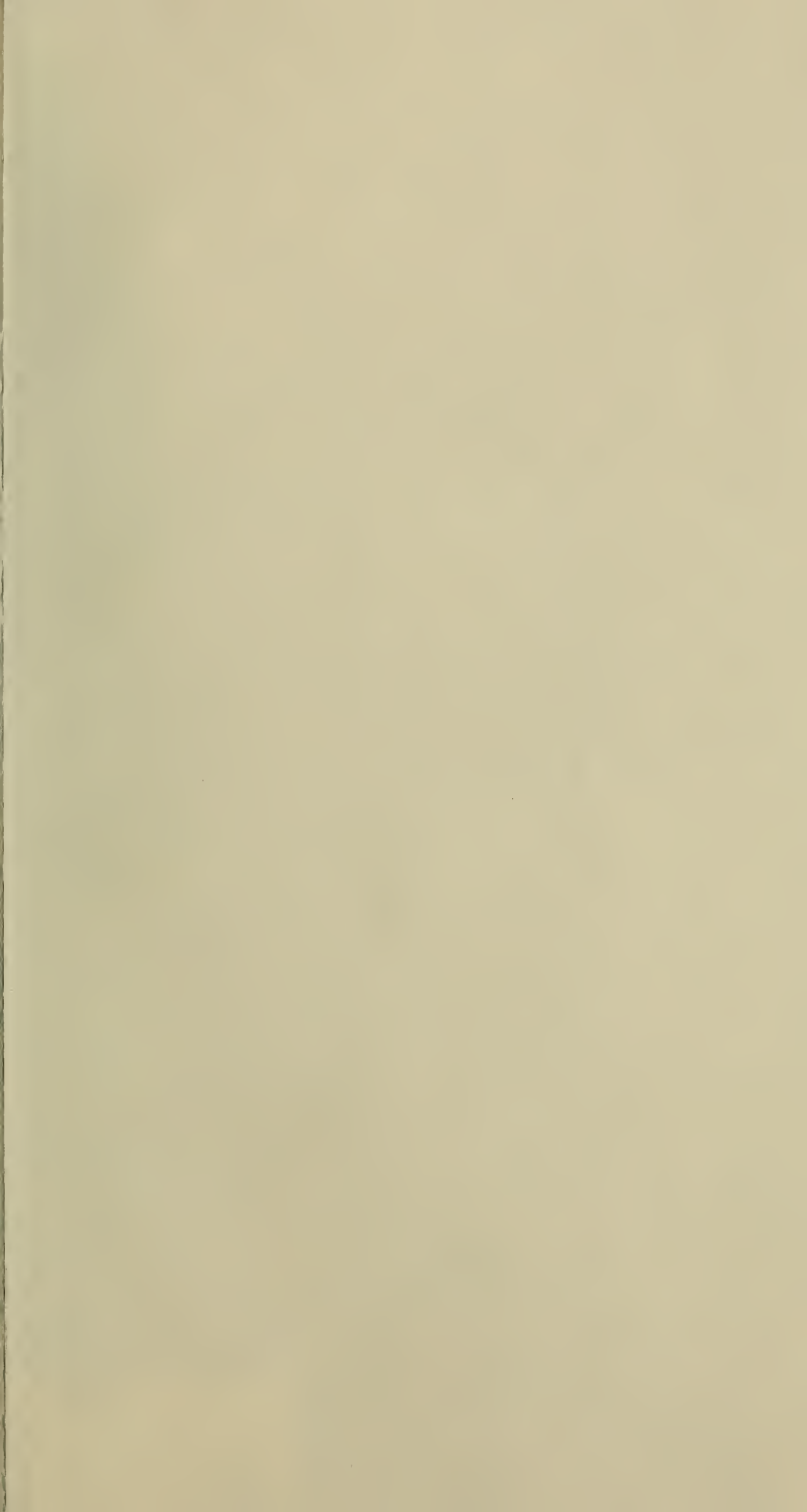
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